WEEK ENDING OCT. 11 1924

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Liberty

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In this Issue:

YELLS *that* WIN GAMES

By HUGH FULLERTON

Charles H. Towne

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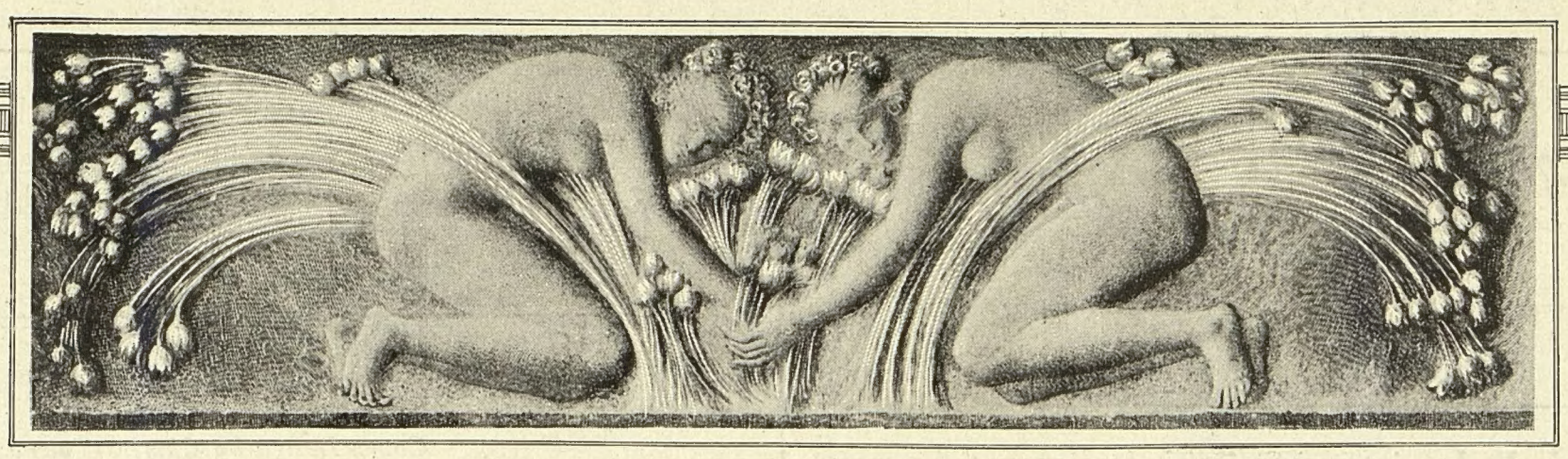

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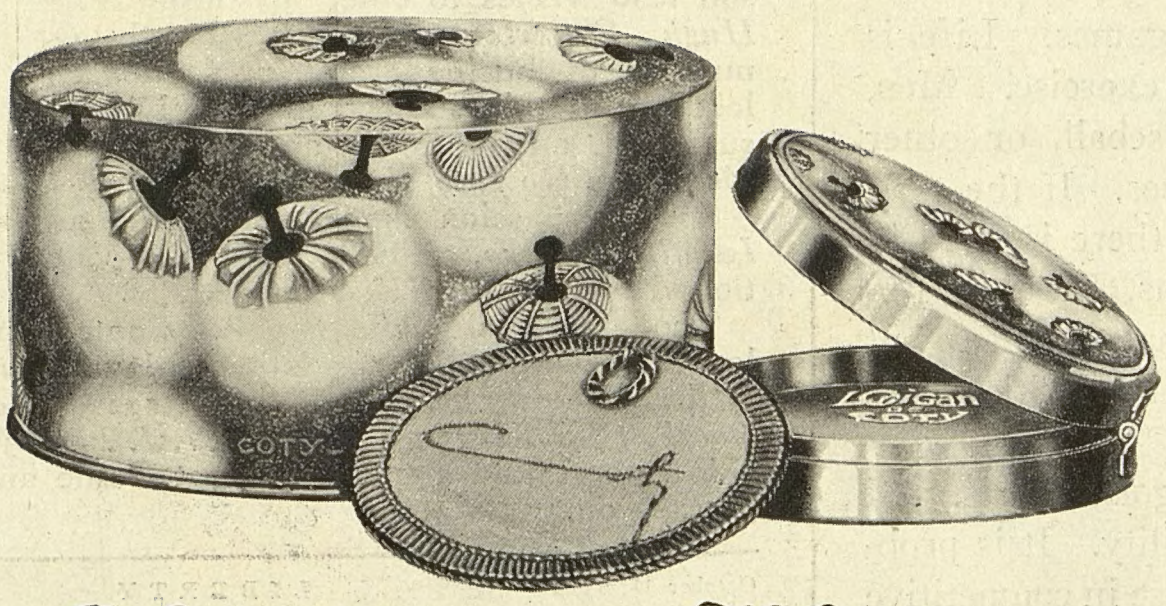

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

KEEPING FIT

Secretary Weeks of the War Department asked the men who responded to the defense test September 12 to see that they were fit.

To be physically fit is to live right. It is to have courage and optimism. If they fail life is ditched. Frail, weak bodies and great minds have done great work in notable instances, but the average person does not live by toxic poisons but by mental poise and activity functioning through physical well being. From the time of the first civilization a sound body has meant a sound mind. The two mean a pleasant life.

Exercise and health go together. Exercise is a habit, or can be made one. When it is made a habit it is as binding as a bad habit. A person may be just as much accustomed to exercise by habit as to coffee, tobacco, or liquor, and as unable to do without it as without a stimulant or narcotic. Regarding the latter, he may have to argue their use even with himself, but he never has to debate the value of exercise to himself.

One of the best human barometers is the bathroom scales. People may either go over weight or under weight. Overweight or underweight, it is mostly a matter of habit and discipline. Keeping fit is a matter of both. It is just as easy and more pleasant to have a policy of good habits than to have a program of bad ones. The habit of exercise will fix itself on a person almost as permanently as the habit of coffee.

The best exercise is in competitive games. Life is essentially a struggle and not a formal exercise. Men, therefore, prefer golf, polo, football, baseball, or other forms of competition to setting-up exercises. If the temperament will endure setting-up exercises there is good in them. Some of the Europeans—Germans, Swedes, Bohemians, Poles, etc.—can make them national exercises, but it is seemingly impossible for the people of the British Isles and for the people of America to do so.

We need competition and find it in golf, tennis, and other games as suited to age, skill, and agility. It is probably a good thing for a people to find exercise in competitive sports rather than in calisthenics. Competition is the rule of life. A nation which exercises in competitive sports probably will outdo one which does not, if the competition includes a large part of the population.

Life is a matter of keeping fit. It [illegible]stion of exercise, bodily cleanliness, proper weight, clear eyes, and a good intestinal system. Then the brain will work normally and sensations will fill out a justified and well-ordered existence.

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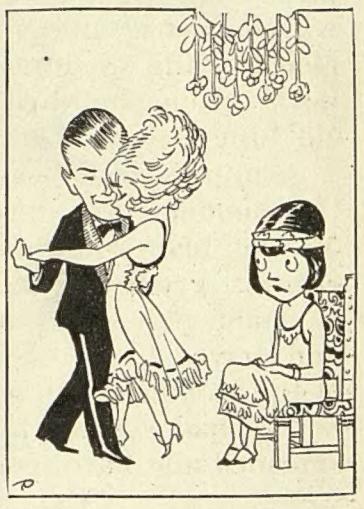
Can a Wallflower Come Back?



Sad, indeed, but not without its humorous phases, is the lot of the poor wallflowers—one of whom pours out her tribulations in the next issue of Liberty. But she announces that she believes she has made a great discovery. Don't miss *Can a Wallflower Come Back?*

What advice shall a father give the son who wishes to enter his business? *Hugh Fullerton* has interviewed a number of business and professional leaders on this subject, and he has a surprising answer in his article, *Should Your Son Go Into Your Business?*

Spanish passion is the theme of a great short story by *Ignatius Phayre*, called *Diablo*. Its central motifs are unsanctioned love and a weird revenge.

Then there is *Thrift*, a notably entertaining story of young love and a cantankerous father-in-law. *William Almon Wolff* is the author. And, the football season being here, we offer *Football for All It's Worth*, by *N. J. Flatley*. It gives some inside information about the Great Game and its cost that will amaze you.

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YELLS THAT WIN GAMES

The Acrobatic Cheer Leaders at Football Games May Seem Foolish---But Have You Ever Realized That They Are Applying a Principle in the Psychology of Success with Amazing Skill and Effectiveness?

By HUGH FULLERTON

PRINCETON'S football team of 1922 was weak in spots, uncertain, brilliant at intervals, but lacking in weight and driving power. Swept off its feet, reeling, hammered to fragments by the terrific assaults of the Chicago shock troops led by John Thomas, the Tiger defense crumbled, yielded, fighting stubbornly but seemingly without avail.

Suddenly a ball got loose. A Black and Orange figure flashed between two Maroons, scooped it up, and raced desperately across the line.

In an instant the hosts of Nassau, thousands of old grads gathered for the first great western reunion, veterans who in their day had grown hoarse cheering Ames, and Poe, De Witt, and White, arose as one. On the field five white clad jumping jacks with megaphones leaped, waved arms, and shouted, unheard, while spontaneously there burst from the throng the old, old jungle scream of the Tiger.

A minute later, still dazed by the sudden turn, the confident Maroon team was staggering and reeling, groggy under an attack it could not stem; and, beaten and driven back before the fury of the assault of the team which a few moments before had seemed helpless and hopeless, was smashed and battered to defeat.

"Men have no monopoly!" Girl cheer leaders at the high point of a cheer for Morris High School, New York City. P. & A. Photo

PERHAPS never before has the psychology of cheering been so clearly illustrated. Had Princeton lost that Chicago game it would have been a crushed and broken team which probably would never have won another game in the season, but, inspired, it swept to victory over Yale and Harvard and became one of the marvels of football—a comparatively weak team which won an unblemished championship. With the confidence gained in the Chicago victory nothing could stop the Tigers.

Yet the boys who were on the team will tell you that after Gray scooped the fumbled ball it was the spontaneous outburst of loyal cheering from the assembled old grads that inspired them to crash through Chicago's defense, and it was the despairing, pleading wail of "Hold 'em, Tiger—Hold 'em" that spurred them to stop Chicago's final despairing drive a foot short of the goal line.

To those of us whose college days are far behind or who never knew the thrill, the spectacle of an animated jumping jack, leaping, screaming, waving arms, seems rather ridiculous, and some of us wonder why anybody can be persuaded to get out in public and make such a fool of himself. We fail to understand that the cheer leader is doing as much to win the game as any one of the players on the field; sometimes even more.

I remember one contest held long ago which resulted in an appeal to James Sullivan, then head of the Amateur Athletic Union. It was not allowed because it was entirely outside the rules, although the A. A. U. head admitted there was justice in the complaint. The protest was filed by a German tug-of-war team which was competing with an Irish squad. The Germans were slowly but surely dragging their opponents toward the line when the band struck up The Wearing of the Green, and, before the tune ended the Irish had dragged the Germans clear across the field. They protested that it was unfair and that it was framed by an Irish politician.

FAMOUS COLLEGE YELLS

Brunonia! Brunonia! Brunonia! BROWN—Brown, Brown, Brown.

Chic-a-go, Chic-a-go, Chicago Go! Go Chica, Go Chica, Go Chicago!

Hoya' Loya' Saxa' Hoya' Loya', Georgetown, Hoya' Loya' Georgetown!

Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Harvard.

Ra, ra, ra, Lafayette, Yette, Yette, Yette.

U, rah, rah, Wis-con-sin!

Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!

Ray, Ray, Ray, Tiger, Tiger, Tiger, Sis, Sis, Sis, Boom, Boom, Boom, Ah, Ah, Ah, Princeton, Princeton, Princeton!

Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk, K. U. (University of Kansas.)

Odz-doz-dzi! Ri-Ri-Ri, Hy-ah! North Dakota.

Rah, Rah! Ray! Rah! Ray! West Point! West Point Ar-may!

Jimmy Johnston bringing Georgia Tech enthusiasm to fever heat.

OLDER men who sneer at cheer leaders and then attend political conventions in the majority of instances fail to understand the psychology of cheering. Half a dozen good college cheer leaders could have handled the Democratic convention in Madison Square Garden and perhaps obtained more definite results. Indeed, in one instance during the Democratic convention concerted cheering was attempted. A cheer leader with a megaphone and a set of signals directed the demonstration by signaling to half a dozen assistants stationed at vantage points in the galleries.

His work, according to the college standard, was crude, but it kept the untrained cheering sections going for an hour and a half. One Reed Parker or one "Red" Mathews might have stampeded the entire convention.

While psychology is used in every contest, more and more strongly in golf, tennis, base-

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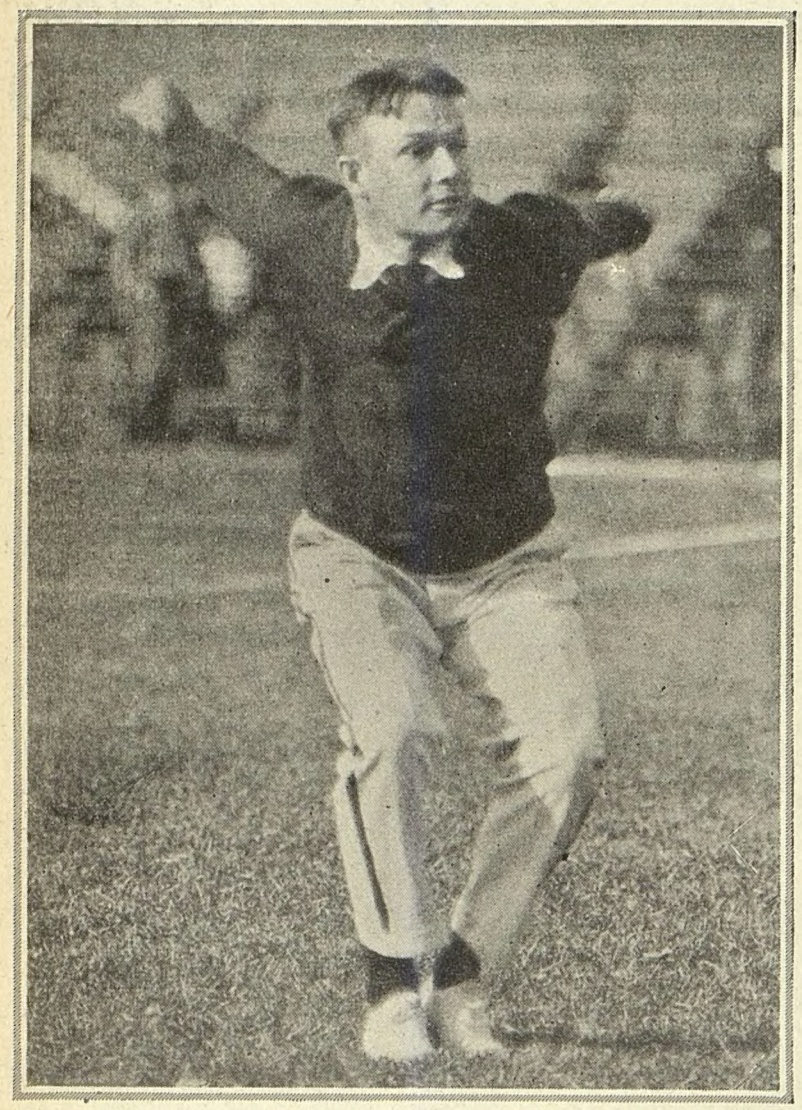

Mike Dailey starting an "Oskey-wow-wow" for Illinois.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

ball, boxing, and football, it is in college football, with its elaborate system of cheer leaders and trained cheering sections, that it reaches its greatest heights.

The psychology is applied in two ways: in the majority of sports it takes the form of "goat getting," which is trying to affect an opponent's ability by discouraging or rattling him, and in its better phase tries to inspire one's own team to greater efforts.

I think the high appeal and the vast enthusiasm of football crowds contrasted with the lack of it displayed by the majority of crowds watching professional sport, especially professional football, is due to the fact that the psychology of most professional games is to hurt the other fellow, while in football and some other games it is to inspire one's own team.

The inspirational form of rooting, and the inciting to rooting, has a tremendous effect upon teams and is entirely ethical and in good taste as long as no effort to affect the opposing team by direct attack is involved. There is, among leaders of the college sports, considerable criticism of certain yells and certain songs which are designed to hurt the morale of opponents rather than to increase that of the home team.

OUTSIDERS may not understand it, but there is clear objective, fixed and scientific purpose in the work of the cheer leaders. Instead of wondering how they get anyone to make "fools of themselves" we must understand that the position of cheer leader nowadays is fraught with great responsibility and rated as a high honor, so much so that in many colleges competitions and examinations are held to select the cheer leaders, and the heads of the psychology department teach the young men how and when to do things in order to obtain the maximum of result from the crowds.

While cheer leading as a distinct accomplishment is comparatively new, it is declared by college professors to be about the finest training for future leadership in any line that a young man may have.

Out of curiosity I inquired of half a dozen university coaches what became of cheer leaders after graduation, and they declared unanimously that they are among the surest and quickest successes of their classes, perhaps because natural leaders trained in leadership.

There is another odd and unexplained phenomenon, which is that such a large percentage of cheer leaders are red headed. Just why red headed boys are selected to lead the cheers is up to the psychology department to explain, yet it is true in practically every school.

One of the most famous of the cheer leaders who, at Illinois, is credited with being the pioneer of the present style, was "Red" Mathews, who is now a dignified and stately professor in a southern university. "Red" was a born comedian. He introduced ground and lofty tumbling into his cheer leading, and on one occasion he erected a platform from which to work. He was immensely popular with the crowds, but the coaches did not like his work and he "got their goats" by his antics long before they realized that he was helping the team. Among his successors at Illinois were "Duke" Sparks, now a prosperous Champaign, Illinois, business man, who was stately and dignified; Scott McNulta, Mike Dailey, and Dick Hill.

Ohio State University and Illinois perhaps have paid more attention to the scientific development of cheer leaders and mass cheering than any of the other large institutions, although for sheer spontaniety and enthusiasm I have heard nothing like the cheers of Georgia Tech when the "Golden Tornado" was sweeping toward a goal line.

Ohio State was among the first to understand the value of mass cheering. "Mother" Ewing was one of the earlier leaders there—plump, cheerful, emotional, and inspiring—but Dave Warwick was Ohio's first real cheer leader, a wonderful go-getter, fine looking, and with great vitality and enthusiasm.

The most famous of Ohio's jumping-jacks was "Pink" Tenney, who served about 1913. He was a human dynamo, small, sandy haired, bubbling with personality; and "Jack" Wiltse, Ohio's famous coach, declares that "Pink" helped start "State" in greater athletics. He had the harmony of a dancer, with the fighting spirit of an Irishman plus Italian emotionalism and Scotch stability. He was an athlete, gymnast, singer, dancer, and a regular fellow, and the student body rallied behind him as they never did behind anyone else. "Goggles" Deibel introduced flip-flopping and somersaulting, and "Doc" Means, a bundle of energy and enthusiasm, followed him. After that the famous "Johnny" Creps, who was strong, full of animal spirit, forceful, self-confident, served two years during Ohio's greatest period of enthusiasm. Stanley Martin, musical and a great mixer, kept Ohio's enthusiasm high during two years of indifferent fortune, which is the test.

Ohio developed one real leader recently—a Lancaster boy who is prematurely bald. Instead of hiding his bald head he capitalized it; painted a big red L for his home town right on top of his shining dome, and became one of the most popular of the cheer leaders.

Doctor Wiltse, the Ohio coach, says:

"We have had a great run of girl cheer leaders in high schools in this state. As I have observed, these one-half dozen girls controlled high school audiences better than boys. I do not believe this would be the case in college. In the case of most of these girls, they are fine looking, bobbed haired, rhythmic, well-formed individuals who are just outstanding physical girls. They seem to have a better sense of rhythm than most boys and certainly get splendid results in cheer leading, not so much by mechanical effort as by rhythmic suggestion and occasional intensity of action."

Michigan, where teamwork among the cheer leaders and choral work in the cheering sections is highly developed, makes its cheer leaders a species of directors, and the singing of the Wolverines is remarkably good. Harry Sparks, from Jackson, Michigan; Carroll Haff, from Pelham Manor, New York; A. O. Cuthbert, from Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Harold Smith of Detroit have been among the noted cheer leaders.

WISCONSIN contributed Reed Parker and Lawrence Hall to the ranks of famous yell directors, and when Parker led that wild Madison crowd in the old Ole Olson, Yon Yonson, You Bet, Wisconsin, the stands fairly rocked.

In the East, quite naturally, the cheer leading has been vested with more dignity, but Dick Paul of Boston, E. C. Riley of Chicago, and L. H. Harter of Hanover could spur Dartmouth's howling hosts, especially against Harvard.

It is an interesting fact that Yale differs with the great majority in regard to cheer leaders. Yale does not dispute the fact that cheering and "rooting" are of tremendous importance, but takes the stand that instead of being directed, cheering should be spontaneous. "Johnny" Blossom, Yale's famous old

PSYCHOLOGY OF

By COLEMAN

Professor of Psychology, University of

Great athletes owe a part of their greatness to great situations. Great situations, in turn, are due, I believe, in part to crowds. I do not believe that there is any magical or mysterious force which a crowd can exercise on a team, but I do think a team is quick to detect small changes in the quality of a voice or in the intensity of a voice which means plenty of support or lack of support. The constant repetition by a crowd of "hold that line" cannot help but force the members of a team to think as the crowd is thinking, and I believe where there is a fervent thought of an end to be gained the chances are that corresponding actions will follow.

Crowds are highly suggestible; that is to say, they tend to imitate without reflection or without argument the motions

shortstop, who now is graduate manager of athletics, says:

"There is no doubt that the psychology of the old 'Undertaker's Song' has been on a number of occasions a distinct advantage. This song has generally been sung spontaneously by the crowd at what it believed to be the psychological moment, and seldom has any cheer leader sensed this with the same intuition that the crowd has exhibited."

IT is true that Yale crowds seem to burst into cheering spontaneously and frequently override the direction of cheer leaders. I remember once going on the field with a great Wisconsin team, led by Phil King, who had been one of the greatest players in the East. As the Westerners, coached by King, ran on to the field Yale stood to welcome them, and just as he ran across the goal line Pat O'Dea dropped a ball and kicked it. The fame of O'Dea's kicking had spread over the East and as the ball on a long, whirling flight arched across the field, struck the ground once and bounded over the other goal line—the Yale crowd, which had been standing and cheering, suddenly said "Woo-oo-oo," and sat down. An instant later it rose as one man and burst into the "Long Yale"—and King remarked quietly:

"This is when the yellow always came up into my neck when I was a player."

But sometimes Yale misses the psychological moment. I had a great laugh once. Clemenceau was a guest of honor in The Bowl, and as France's "Tiger" walked across the field some inspired idiot of a cheer leader signaled for the "Long Yale." The crowd broke into the "Reckety kex," slowed down, and almost stopped as some of them realized that the "Frog" chorus was hardly an appropriate welcome to France's hero.

At the Ohio-Illinois game at Columbus in 1921 there was a remarkable exhibition of the power of cheers to inspire a team. Illinois had lost every game played that season; Ohio had gone through without a defeat, and the victory was almost conceded to the Buckeyes. Only a handful of Illini were present to cheer the green team which had fought hard and vainly all season. This loyal little band clustered in the stands and rooted hard. Late in the game, with the teams close to the sidelines, play was stopped and, as the teams straightened up, the Illini heard that loyal little band chanting fervently:

"Beat Ohio! Beat Ohio! Beat Ohio!"

As if suddenly inspired, the Illinois team played like demons and crashed to a victory which wrecked Ohio's championship hopes. Jack Crangle, the famous full back, remarked later that nothing in his career ever stirred him so deeply or caused him to fight as hard as did that monotonous chant of the loyal rooters, sticking to their team through every defeat.

While the psychology of cheering in professional baseball is almost entirely attack upon the other side, and while players will declare scornfully that they never pay any attention to cheering, they freely sense the lack of cheering. I have had players complain bitterly that the home crowds "come out only to roast us," and some teams have been crippled by the jeering and hostility of their home crowds.

A number of years ago organized and directed rooting was tried in professional baseball. The White Sox Rooters' Association was formed to root for the White Sox. The idea spread rapidly, and from it came the Royal Rooters of Boston and similar organizations. They failed for the simple reason that instead of rooting for their home team all their efforts were concentrated upon attacks on the visiting clubs. The mass of the fans in the United States will not stand for such organized violations of the spirit of sportsmanship, even though they may not be sportsmanlike themselves.

The same psychology extends to every sport. I was talking with McInnis and Hawkes, the young members of the Australian Davis cup team, after their defeat at the hands of the Americans at Forest Hills last year. Both these youngsters from the Antipodes were warm and fervent in their praise of American sportsmanship.

"It was wonderful," McInnis remarked, glowing. "It was the finest bit of sportsmanship I ever heard. It was worth the trip over, and it inspired us."

He was speaking of a spontaneous "Out," "out," "out," which burst from the big crowd when a close decision was given in favor of the Americans against the Australians and the crowd, which had been rooting hard for the United States, voiced its protest against what it thought was an unfair decision.

IN some sports etiquette prescribes the kind of cheering that may be indulged in, or forbids it entirely. In tennis, it is improper to cheer, but ethical to clap the hands, if the clapping follows a good shot and subsides before the next service.

At cricket our system of cheering and rooting is unknown, although one may clap the hands and say, "Well played" or "well bowled" or "Bravo" after a nice bit of work. A baseball crowd or a cheering section would ruin tennis or cricket and perhaps wreck golf.

No contestants are so easily affected by any outside demonstration as are golfers. The slightest noise, movement or applause disturbs them. With the increasing size of galleries the players are becoming slightly more accustomed to applause following a good shot, but if the day ever comes when the cheer leader breaks into golf no one will play under 100 strokes until they become accustomed to the noise.

ONE of the most inspiring examples of reacting psychology I ever saw was in a women's golf championship. In one of the late rounds a girl noted for her tact and her independence was pitted against the woman who is notorious as a "goat getter." This woman's system is hard to beat. She is always consoling, always regretful, always ready to speak words of sweet, sirupy, and entirely unmeant praise. She condoles with opponents when they make a poor shot, excuses herself when she makes a good one—and by the ninth hole the other woman is ready to burst, helpless to protest, and too polite to say, "Shut your mouth."

It is pretty work. The woman was using her system freely against her younger opponent.

"Good shot, my dear. Well played."

"I'm sorry, dear, I have all the luck today. I should have found the trap and it jumped over on to the green."

The other girl stood it for about six holes. Then her opponent said:

"Bravo, dear. Well played. Good shot."

"No, Myrtle, dear," replied her victim. "It wasn't a good shot. I half topped it, and was off line. I have made many better and intend to lay the next one right to the pin and win this hole."

Her words and tone were in sirupy imitation of her tormentor, but the set of her jaw showed that she meant it. She pitched the next shot four feet from the cup, ran down the putt, and stalked on to victory.

THE END

Johnny Creps at the climax of a mighty cheer for Ohio

THE CHEER LEADER

R. GRIFFITH

Illinois, Author of The Psychology of Sports

of anyone who happens to become a leader. It is because of this fact that the cheer leader may exercise so perfect a control over a crowd.

A crowd is most apt to follow a leader who has prestige and distinction. I think on the whole they are more apt to follow prestige than they are to follow crazy motions and odd uniforms. Prestige is always gained by one's standing in the university community, by the skill he displays in leading a yell, and, in the last analysis, by how well the cheer leader represents the best thinking of the community. There must then be a sort of confidence extended from the crowd to the leader.

An UNDERGROUND ROMANCE

The Subway Jammed Dan Cupid Himself Right in with the Rest of the Sardines One Fall Evening—And Look What Happened Then

By DANA BURNET

Pictures by WILLIAM HOTTINGER

EVERY morning except Sunday, at eight o'clock precisely, Robert Pierce dived into the subway kiosk at Seventy-second street and Broadway, and hurled himself into the line flowing toward the turnstiles. The pressure of the crowd carried him automatically to the platform underground.

Once there he surrendered himself into the hands of a gigantic guard, who, at the proper moment, gave him a Herculean push and crammed him aboard the train.

He was a clerk in a stock brokerage house, one of the largest in Wall Street, Trenholm & Company. Robert's chief job was to take quotations from the ticker and write them on a blackboard in a room filled with benches on which sat fascinated and bright-eyed customers. But he had other duties, including stenography and typewriting, so that he had to be on hand at eight-thirty in the morning.

At 4:33 p. m. he left the office for the day, descended to the subway platform, snatched his evening paper from the news stand, and, wriggling abroad the train, stood crushed (by preference) against one of the sliding doors with his newspaper propped up against the person immediately crushing him.

On Sundays he took the subway downtown, getting off at a certain station from which a flight of steps led into the lobby of a moving picture theater.

Robert loved the movies, especially those revealing the advantages of life in the great open spaces. Best of all he loved the films that pictured some gay young man fleeing from the evils of New York toward salvation and the Far West.

Occasionally he varied his Sunday program by having dinner with his aunt, who was comparatively well-to-do and who lived on the East Side. When he went to see Aunt Emma he took the subway to Times Square, changed there to the shuttle, got off at Grand Central, changed again to the Lexington Avenue line, and rode uptown to Seventy-second Street.

"Why don't you take a crosstown bus, or walk through the park?" Aunt Emma asked.

"O, I don't mind the subway," he said.

"If you had any sense, Robert, you'd take that little farm of mine, up in Connecticut, and work it, and live like a human being. Marry a nice, sensible girl and go to farming."

"Why don't you live on it, Aunt Emma?"

"Because of my rheumatism," invariably replied the elderly spinster, and that ended the conversation.

Robert, as a matter of fact, thought more about the little farm in Connecticut than Aunt Emma realized. He thought about it as he thought about the ranch in the film stories. It was the height of his dreams.

One evening Robert had an adventure. He saw a pretty girl standing on the uptown platform of the Wall Street subway station. She was a remarkably pretty girl, with lovely light hair and a complexion that should have bloomed under open skies, among wild flowers and wild geranium.

When the train roared in this girl looked pleadingly at the guard, who at once became her champion. He rushed at the crowd, scattering it right and left; then he caught up the lovely creature and lifted her bodily aboard the nearest car. She gave him a fleeting smile of thanks—in midair, as it were.

Robert Pierce happened to be next. Quite mechanically the guard hurled himself against Robert's back and pushed him on to the train. Others followed rapidly, and Robert was crushed, as usual. But he found, when he looked up, that he was being crushed in company with the pretty girl.

He couldn't move, of course; nor could she. But twice during the uptown journey she lifted her eyes to his. Robert was thrilled. He thought of violets.

"Savy-sent street!" bellowed the train guard, and Robert reluctantly fought his way to the exit. The pretty girl was borne on.

A NIGHT or two later he saw her again, on the Wall Street subway platform; and again he managed to get near her in the car. It was indescribably romantic. He wanted to cry out to her, above the roaring of the train, "Lovely creature! Come with me to the great open spaces where we can find health and happiness such as we have never known!" But he didn't say it. He couldn't. It wasn't good subway etiquette. He might have been arrested as a masher.

The third time he saw her was at the end of an imperfect day, a day when he had been unusually rushed and jostled. He saw her get on the train and followed her. He thought she looked pale, and suspected that she, too, had been jostled unduly. Poor Violet-Eyes!

The train started; she raised her eyes to his, and Robert knew instantly that she recognized him.

More than that, she was going to speak to him. No . . . yes, by heavens she was!

"Will you please help me. I feel faint."

He understood at once. He felt suddenly the pressure of the people in the car, the pressure of a life rushing, flowing madly underground, shut up in steel boxes and hurled madly, with a hellish noise, through concrete tubes by forces unseen.

He said, "I'll get you out at Times Square," and added, shouting, "Don't worry. If you faint I'll take care of you!"

At Times Square, by brute strength and superior tactics, he got her off the train. They went up the stairs, he holding her arm, and out into the refreshing maelstrom of Forty-second street.

"Shall I run into the drug store and get you some smelling salts?"

"No," she answered, "I'll be all right, now that I can breathe. . . . I've got smelling salts in my bag."

"Why didn't you use them?"

"I couldn't reach them. I was so jammed in. . . ."

"Awful!" sympathized Robert.

They walked to Sixth Avenue and sat on a bench in the park behind the library. The late afternoon sunlight trickled over the roof-tops and touched them. It was strange and soporific, like the effect of a drug, creating illusions. . . .

"You were awfully nice to help me."

"It was a pleasure."

"I just couldn't help it. I had to speak to someone, and I—I've seen you before."

"I've seen *you!*" said Robert.

"Yes, I guess our office hours are about the same."

"I guess they are. I'm with Trenholm & Company."

"I'm with Jones & Jones. You know, the big architects?"

"O, sure," affirmed the young man. "They're big, all right. My name's Pierce—Robert Pierce."

"Mine's Thompson."

"I'll bet I can guess your first name—Violet!"

"No, it's Maybell."

"Well, I just thought it was something like that. Something like flowers—or nature, you know. Sylvan!—that's the word. You certainly struck me as being sylvan."

"Why?"

"O, I don't know. Only when I looked at

"Shall I run into a drug store and get you some smelling salts?"

you I thought of flowers and hay; I mean nature—the great open spaces."

Miss Thompson nodded.

"I know. I've seen 'em in the movies."

"Do you like the movies?"

"Crazy about 'em. I don't care much for society dramas. I don't mind a little society, but I like them where they end in Alaska, or out West, with just the man and the girl finding their happiness in—well, in nature and all. I mean, where they're alone with their love, and everything sort of peaceful and grand."

"So do I!" exclaimed the young man.

Miss Maybell Thompson gazed at the stylish patent leather handbag in her lap.

"Sometimes," she said, with a profound and appealing melancholy, "I wonder whether there's any such thing as real, true love."

"Sure, there is!"

"Well, I don't know. I've met a lot of men . . . There's young Mr. Jones, in our office. He's always trying to give me presents, and wanting me to go out with him. But I just say to him, 'Mr. Jones,' I say, 'Money isn't everything. We live in separate worlds. Would you be willing to introduce me to your mother?'"

"And what does he say?" demanded Robert.

"He just laughs."

"I'll bet he does. A man like that ought to go out West, where wealth doesn't count. I haven't got a mother," continued Robert, registering sadness, "but I've got an aunt. I—I'd love to have her meet you, Miss Thompson. Please don't think I'm trying to get fresh or anything, but I'm—I'd certainly like to know you better. Won't you let me see you home tonight?"

"I live with my married sister—One Hundred and Tenth Street and Central Park West," said Miss Thompson, shyly but explicitly.

"The subway won't be so crowded now," said Robert. "It's past the rush hour."

She rose at once.

"O, I'm all right. It was just that I did not have my cup of coffee at noon today. I wanted to finish up some work, so I stayed in, and missed my lunch."

"That's funny," said Robert, "I missed mine—part of it, at least."

They walked back to Seventh Avenue and the Times Square subway station.

"It's an awful life," commented the girl, as they descended the steps to the platform.

"It certainly is. I'm going to get out of it—before long!" declared the young man, with conviction.

"Where are you going?"

At that moment the train roared in. He shouted something about the "great open spaces" and seizing her arm, rushed her expertly into the car. There were just two vacant seats in that car. A large field raced for them, but Robert and Maybell won.

MAYBELL'S married sister proved to be a plump woman with three children, a theoretical five room apartment, and a husband of the name of Birch, who was head floorwalker in a downtown department store. The Birches welcomed Robert, after his services to Maybell had been explained, and insisted that he stay to dinner.

He accepted with pleasure, and afterward spent an enjoyable evening listening to the family radio, which was operated by the oldest child, Egbert. Egbert was considered a genius, and was allowed to sit up till ten o'clock, which spoiled Robert's chances for a private conversation with Maybell. However, he sat

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

beside her on the couch; and once he and the lovely Miss Thompson danced a few steps.

She was as light as a dryad in his arms. Sylvan!—that was the word for her. She certainly was sylvan. . . .

"Will you go to the movies with me next Saturday night?" he asked, as he said good night to her at the door of the apartment.

"Why, thanks, Mr. Pierce, I'd love to!"

SO they went to the movies on Saturday night and saw unfolded there a story that filled them both with a vague yearning.

It was the story of a young man whose father had died and left him a lumber company, located somewhere in the great Northwest. Well, this young man had been going at a frightful pace, in the social world, and plainly was on the road to ruin; when all at once he was kidnaped by two lumberjacks—fine, strapping, faithful fellows—who were in the employ of a girl who really loved him.

This girl's home was in the great Northwest, and she got the hero up there finally, and redeemed him and made a man of him. At first he said he would never forgive her for kidnaping him, but when she got caught in a log jam and was about to go over the falls—they were wonderful falls—he rushed out at his peril and rescued her. He rescued her twice more, once from a forest fire, and once from a woodsman who had been drinking bad whisky all through the picture. At last love came to them and they were shown in the final fade-out playing with their little offspring in front of an apple tree that blossomed beside their cabin home.

"My aunt's got a farm in Connecticut," said Robert, later that evening, as they sat thoughtfully consuming chocolate nut sundaes in a nearby drug store.

"Has she?" asked Maybell, with interest.

"Yes. Wonderful place!"

"Has it got an apple tree?"

"O, sure. It's got a wonderful apple tree. And the house is old. I mean it's about a hundred years old. Fifty, anyway."

"How many rooms?" asked Maybell, conventionally.

"I don't know, but it must have—well, it's a whole house, you know. Not like these terrible New York apartments, where people live in two rooms, bath and kitchenette—after they're married, I mean."

"When I marry," said the girl, dreamily, finishing her chocolate nut sundae, "I'll keep my house full of apple blossoms the year round! I'm going to live in the country—not just a suburb, but the real country, like——"

"Like Connecticut!"

"Well, I'd thought of going farther West. I mean to some place like Indiana, or Colorado—one of those far western states."

"Connecticut's farther than you'd think," argued Robert. "It's eighty miles to my aunt's farm," he added, seductively.

But Maybell's mood had changed. (She was a creature of subtle moods.) A shadow, like a cloud in the far western sky, passed over her face.

"I don't think I'll ever marry," she sighed.

"Why not?" he asked.

"O, I don't know. I wouldn't marry for anything but love, and it's hard to find a man nowadays who—who thinks about anything but society, and taking a girl out somewhere—I mean, like that young Mr. Jones in our office. He's handsome, but all he cares about is the superficial side of life. I said to him this afternoon, I said, 'It's only my looks you care about, because I happen to be sort of good looking——'"

"Sort of——!"

"'You don't take any interest in my true self,' I said."

"And what'd he say?"

"He said, 'Is that so?' And he looked right at me—I was taking dictation—and he said, 'Don't you be too sure about my not being interested in your true self. If I wasn't so scared of my old man,' he said, meaning his father, 'I'd offer you my heart and hand this minute,' he said, 'with a twenty-room apartment just off the avenue thrown in for luck.'"

"He wants you to marry him!"

"MAYBE he does. But I just said to him, I said, 'You can keep your twenty-room apartment,' I said, 'it's nothing in my young life. If it was a ranch out West,' I said, 'I might feel different. But I wouldn't marry a city man if he was to offer me the finest hotel,' I said, 'not the way I feel now.'"

"How? How do you feel now?"

"Well, I just feel like getting away from it all. The office, I mean, and the city—this terrible city life!"

"You must meet my aunt," said Robert. "She feels just the way you do."

"I'd love to meet her."

The young man drew a deep breath.

"I should think when a man looked at you he'd forget all about the superficial side of life."

"I'm not so much!"

"Yes, you are," he blurted out, "you're——" He stopped, remembering that they were still comparative strangers. "Have another sundae, Miss Thompson. Please do!"

"I will if you will," she said.

After that they met every day, sometimes at noon in the subterranean cafeteria where Robert snatched his lunch (he had persuaded her that this particular

"What a darling house. Is it white like that?"

cafeteria had superior pie) and at night in the Wall Street subway station. Here their post of rendezvous was a steel pillar in front of a news stand.

He took Miss Thompson to call on Aunt Emma. The latter was a trifle brusque at first; as a matter of fact she suspected Maybell of dyeing her hair. But when she saw, by the light of a strong lamp, that the girl's coloring was genuine, she thawed out, and was as nice as could be.

"I tell Robert he ought to get out and live in the country. New York's no place for a strong, healthy young man or woman," she said, veering toward her favorite topic.

"That's just what I think, Miss Pierce," agreed Maybell, with her most charming smile.

Aunt Emma was delighted.

"There! Do you hear that, Robert?"

"Yes, Aunt Emma," said Robert nervously.

"Well, if I was in your boots I'd ask Miss Thompson to marry me, and——"

"O, Aunt Emma!"

"Don't interrupt me, Robert. I'm an old woman, and shall say what I like. It's just the place for children. There's an apple orchard, and a meadow with a brook running through it, where they could play——"

This time Robert almost shouted, "Why don't you go and live there?"

"Because of my rheumatism," retorted Aunt Emma, as always; and as always that closed the subject, to Robert's great relief.

Afterward, going home in the subway with Maybell, he apologized for his aunt's indiscretion.

"She's nutty about that farm. And she's sort of nutty about me. I'm the only relative she's got, and she thinks—well, I guess she thinks any girl'd be lucky to get me, with a whole farm thrown in——"

"Has she offered to give it to you?"

"O, sure. I can have it any time I say I'll go live on it."

Maybell fixed her glance on an idealistic real estate advertisement across the car.

"Have you got a picture of it?" she asked. "I mean, of the house, and——"

"No," said Robert, "but I'll try to get one."

At noon the next day he met Maybell in the underground cafeteria. As they gyrated toward the pie counter, he said, "I can't get a picture of the farm. Aunt Emma hasn't got one."

"O!" murmured Maybell.

That evening, when they met by the pillar, Robert knew at once that something had happened. Maybell was unusually flushed and excited. Her eyes were no longer violet. They were a deep, sparkling blue.

"What is it?" shouted Robert, when they had wormed their way on to the train.

"Young Mr. Jones," shrieked Maybell, above the thunder of their progress. "I had an awful time with him. He tried to kiss me!"

"The brute!" roared Robert.

Maybell shrieked again, "Can you come to dinner tonight? I was talking to my sister on the telephone and she said to ask you."

"Thanks," he bellowed.

"I've got something to show you."

"What is it?"

"I can't show it to you here. . . . I can't even move my hand. It's caught in somebody's elbow."

He dined with Maybell's sister's family, the Birches, who were as genial and friendly as any human family could well be. The Birches seemed actually to enjoy their cramped, hideously commonplace, metropolitan existence.

"What was it that you were going to show me?" Robert asked, when finally Maybell and he were alone.

"Well, before I show it to you, maybe I'd better tell you how it happened. You see——" she hesitated, turning to him her beautiful eyes darkly troubled, as forest pools are troubled by the shadows of trees that fall upon them. "You see, I'd been doing a lot of work

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for young Mr. Jones. In his private office, I mean, and——"

"And the poor fish tried to kiss you!" cried Robert, hotly.

"Yes, he did. But I just said to him, I said, 'Mr. Jones, this has gone far enough,' I said. 'It's got to stop right here. You aren't serious in your intentions,' I said, 'and that's all there is to it. Let's get back on to a business basis,' I said."

"Well?" queried Robert.

"Well! He turned as red as a beet, and he said to me, 'Maybell,' he said, 'you've got me wrong. I'm crazy about you. I want to marry you, and go live out west'——"

"Out West!"

"That's just what he said. And then he began to talk about his ranch in—in Colorado."

"Has he got a ranch in Colorado?"

"Well, I guess it's a ranch. Anyway, here's a picture of it."

And so saying, Maybell took from behind a pillow on the couch a large photograph, which she handed to Robert.

"It's grand," she said.

It was grand. Robert's heart sank as he studied the proportions of young Mr. Jones' ranch. The house was a long, low, rambling affair, with as many windows as a subway train, and was beautifully located in a wide valley. In the foreground were shrubs and trees (probably apple trees, he thought miserably), and in the distance showed a range of mountains!

"It's big, isn't it?" he said, in a faint voice. "I mean, it's awfully big for—for just two people."

"It's no bigger than the places you see in the movies."

"No, it isn't," muttered Robert.

"Those are the Rocky Mountains," said Maybell, pointing.

ROBERT felt just as he did after a particularly trying experience in the subway; that is to say, crushed. He gave Maybell a melancholy look and said that he guessed he'd have to be going. She rose at once, with a readiness that increased his humiliation. Still, he couldn't blame her. It wasn't often that a young woman stenographer had offered to her a ranch like that.

He had left in him just spirit enough to ask, "Are you going to marry Mr. Jones, Maybell?"

"Well, I haven't promised. But I——"

"I understand," cried the young man, and, turning, fled in utter confusion.

But Robert Pierce was not by nature a quitter. That night, lying sleepless in his room, he decided that he wouldn't surrender Maybell to the rich Mr. Jones without a struggle. He hadn't Mr. Jones' money, but he had brains; and, by heaven, he'd use them!

Two days later, at the usual hour, he met Maybell by the trysting pillar in the Wall Street subway station. A train was just pulling in. They boarded it mechanically.

"Got something to show you!" he shouted, as the car lurched forward.

"What is it, Robert?"

"Can't show you here. Let's get off at Cortland Street. Walk over and sit in the park. I'll show it to you there."

So they got off at Cortland Street and walked over and sat on a bench in City Hall Park.

"Look," said Robert, producing a photograph from his coat pocket. "Here it is!"

"What——?"

"Aunt Emma's farm."

"I thought you said you hadn't a picture of it?"

"I found one. I mean, Aunt Emma found one. In a book she had—an old book, a sort of album."

"O!" said Maybell, and looked at the photograph. "Why, Robert! Why—it's beautiful!"

"Yes, it is, isn't it?"

"What a darling house! Is it white, like that?"

Listening to the family radio which was operated by the oldest child, Egbert.

"Sure. It's all white."

"I think it's perfectly darling. It looks so sort of homelike and comfortable. . . . Is that an apple tree?"

"Absolutely!" Robert assured her.

"Well, I think it's just darling," repeated Maybell, with a sigh.

"Of course," he said, returning the photograph to his bosom, "it's nothing like Mr. Jones' ranch, and it's only in Connecticut, but I thought you might like to see it."

"I'm glad you showed it to me. I—it's funny how people are, but do you know, Robert, I think I'd rather have a house like that than a ranch out West in Colorado—I mean, if I was going to marry and——"

"Maybell! Do you see that building over there?"

"You mean the Municipal Building?"

"Yes."

"What about it, Robert?"

"Well, somewhere in that building is the place where you—where people get marriage licenses."

"O," said Maybell.

"And there's always someone there—an alderman or someone—to marry people who—who want to get married!"

Maybell was silent a long time. Then—O, heavenly miracle!—her hand crept into his; her shoulder drooped against his shoulder.

"I've never been inside the Municipal Building," she murmured. "I'd sort of like to go through it."

In half an hour by the clock they were man and wife.

Both were slightly dazed, and Robert was a trifle delirious. He grinned widely at the world, and clutched Maybell's arm as though he'd never let go.

In this condition they gravitated naturally toward the subway. Sheer force of habit compelled them to the nearest entrance, which happened to be at the Brooklyn Bridge.

"I think this must be the East Side subway," vaguely remarked Robert, when they were on the train. "It feels like it."

"We'll have to change at Grand Central," automatically replied Maybell.

"Yes," thought Robert, "that's right. We'll have to change at Grand Central and take the

shuttle across town. You follow the green arrows, or is it the black?"

Then, suddenly, amid the familiar thunders of the subway, the familiar rhythmic roar of wheels, his brain cleared. He became once more *compos mentis*.

"Listen, sweetheart, suppose I go on uptown and break the news to Aunt Emma. I'll come over to your sister's apartment later. That'll give *you* time to tell the Birches——"

"All right," said Maybell. "But I'd like to have that picture of the house. You know, the one you showed me in the park."

"O, sure," quickly said Robert, and fumbling in his pocket, produced the photograph, which he gave to her.

"It's such a darling house," chanted Maybell, gazing at it as one might gaze

at the ship upon which one is about to undertake a particularly hazardous voyage.

She got off the train at Grand Central. Robert waved to her madly, and even blew her a kiss through the open car window. This gesture nearly ruined the hat of a woman standing beside him; but she was an understanding sort of woman, who only laughed when Robert said, "Excuse me! I've just been married. . . . There goes my wife. Isn't she wonderful?"

AUNT EMMA was even more delighted than Robert had hoped she'd be.

"There!" she exclaimed. "The farm's yours. I never thought you'd have sense enough to take it. But I guess your Maybell's a smart girl. She knows that New York's a miserable modern Babylon, and no place to bring up children. . . . When do you leave for Connecticut?"

"I thought we'd leave Saturday."

"You're going to give up your job in that unhealthy Wall Street, aren't you, Robert?"

"I certainly am. I'm going to walk right into Mr. Trenholm's office and tell him that I'm through. 'Mr. Trenholm,' I'll say, 'I'm through, and——'"

"Good! I'll help you out with a check now and then till the farm begins to pay. After that you'll be independent enough."

"Yes, but I'm taking an awful chance, Aunt Emma."

"O, pooh, Robert! You are young and strong. Why shouldn't you take chances?"

"Well, I am," returned Robert, somewhat lugubriously.

The next morning, bright and early (ten o'clock is bright and early in Wall Street), he requested an audience with the head of the firm. Mr. Trenholm, all unsuspecting, pleasantly asked him to come in. Robert braced himself and strode determinedly into the broker's private office.

It was the strangest thing! The moment he opened the door and saw Mr. Trenholm's friendly smile he forgot completely what he was going to say. No, he didn't forget . . . . He knew that he'd come to resign. But what he said was, "Mr. Trenholm, I've just been married, and I'd like——"

"You'd like a raise, of course!"

"Why—er—why, yes, sir."

"Well, you've been with us some time, and I hear good reports of you. I guess that can be arranged."

"Thank you, sir," stammered Robert.

"And you'd better take a week's vacation, Mr. Pierce. I've noticed that young husbands aren't much use around an office till the novelty wears off."

Robert blushed and backed out, murmuring his thanks.

"Well, anyway," he reflected later, "*I* know I've resigned."

THE following Saturday morning he and Maybell started forth on their great adventure. They were going to Connecticut to be alone with their love, to raise their own vegetables, and to dwell, simply and beautifully, in the bosom of nature. Maybell's sister, Mrs. Birch, was the only person who attempted to discourage them. She said they'd die of combined starvation and boredom.

"She doesn't realize," whispered Maybell, as they descended in the elevator with two brand new suitcases and a hat box, "that true love can accomplish miracles."

"No, she doesn't," returned Robert, and kissed his bride behind the elevator boy's back.

They walked to the subway, Robert carrying the bags and Maybell carrying the hat box. Arriving at the Grand Central Station, they found that they had forgotten to compute the difference between daylight saving and standard time. Consequently they had about an hour and a quarter to wait.

They sat on a bench in the waiting room. Maybell was brave. She laughed and said that it didn't matter, that they had a whole lifetime before them. But Robert was nervous. At the end of half an hour he got up and wandered over to the news stand, where he mechanically bought all the morning papers.

Returning to his seat, he found Maybell gazing at the photograph of the house they were going to—Aunt Emma's house, that was so soon to be their own. She had taken it out of her handbag and was studying it fondly, but also with a certain critical minuteness.

"How big a house do you suppose it is, Robert?"

"Why?"

"Well, I was just wondering whether I could take care of it all alone, without a servant."

"Sure you can. I'll help you. I——" Robert's voice faltered; then broke completely. "O, Maybell! Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? For what?"

"For lying to you!"

"Lying——?"

"Yes. It's this way. You see, when you showed me that picture of young Mr. Jones' ranch, and told me he wanted to marry you—well, I thought sure I was going to lose you, and I loved you so——"

"Do you really love me, Robert?"

"I'm just crazy about you!"

"Well," said Maybell, gently, "go on! How did you lie to me?"

"That picture," said Robert, pointing. "The one you've got in your hand. I—I faked it."

"Faked it?"

"Yes, I—it was an advertisement. I found it in a magazine, and I cut it out and mounted it on a piece of cardboard. It was such a pretty house. I mean, it was just what Aunt Emma's house *ought* to be, so I—I told you it

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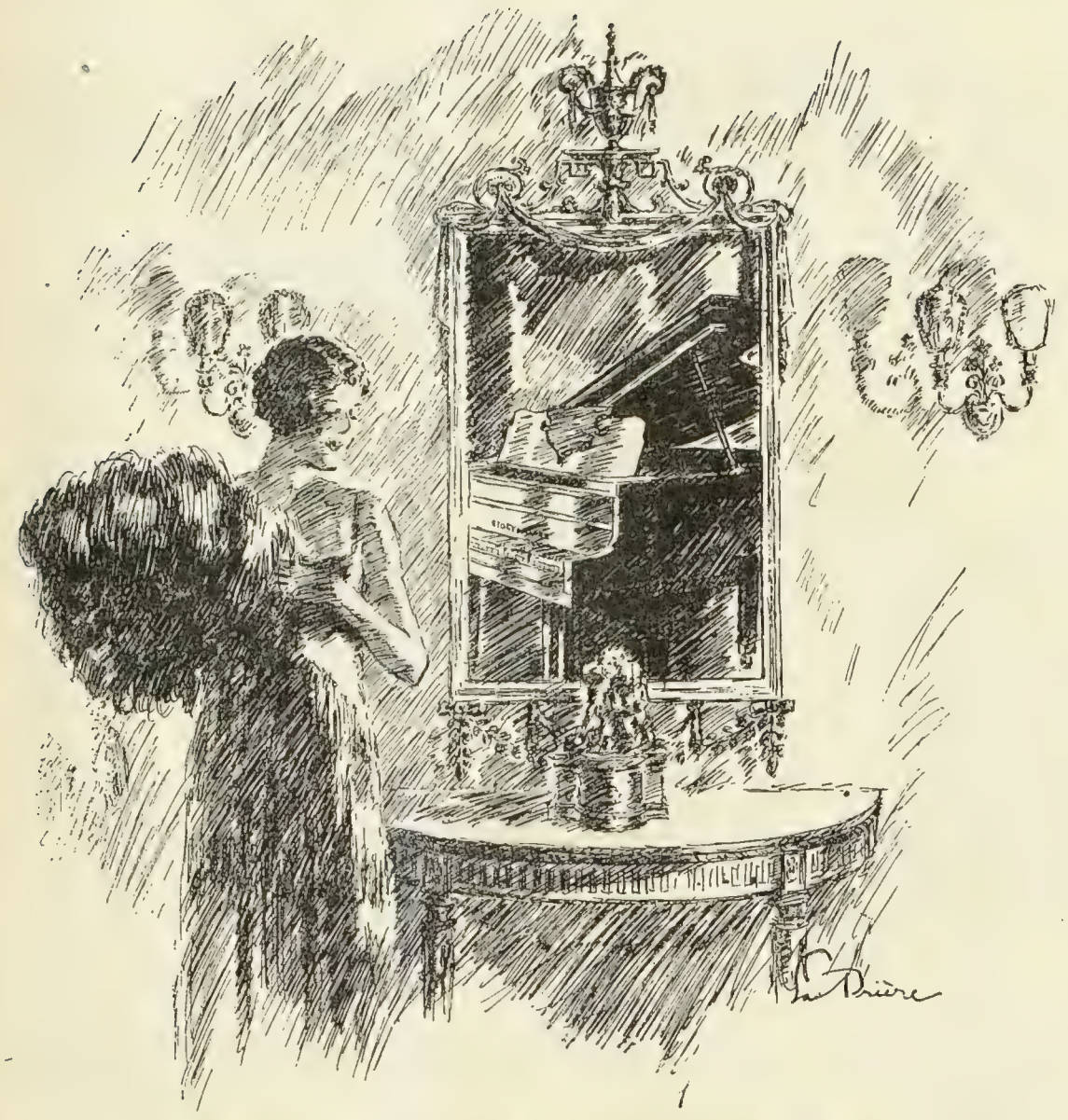

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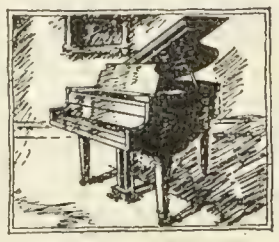

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was the house. And you believed me."

"Robert! Do you mean to say——? Have you ever seen Aunt Emma's house? Do you know what it looks like?"

"No. I've never seen it. I've never been to Connecticut. I don't know what we'll find when we get there."

MAYBELL was silent. Robert thought he'd lost her. He had visions of the divorce court, of Aunt Emma's wrath, of his own broken heart. But he didn't know his Maybell.

"Well, Robert," said she, in a voice remarkably cool and normal, "in that case I don't think we'd better go to Connecticut. I think we'd better go to a hotel."

"Thank God!" blurted out Robert.

"What hotel shall we go to?" inquired Maybell, now actually vivacious.

"The Giltmore," he suggested. "It has an entrance from the station. We won't have to go out of doors."

They rose and picked up their bags. Winding through various subterranean corridors, they came to the hotel entrance, and mounted in an elevator to the lobby. There Robert registered and was assigned to a room, which the clerk assured him was one of the best. They ascended in another elevator, and were shortly alone—alone with their love—in a handsomely decorated chamber whose windows looked out upon the most beautiful roof tops that the eye of man had ever gazed upon.

"Lord, I'm glad we didn't go to Connecticut," cried Robert, taking the lovely Maybell in his arms.

"So am I," she confessed, smiling into his dazzled eyes.

"Then you forgive me, Maybell?"

"Yes, Robert. I forgive you."

He kissed her.

"I think I'll call up my sister," said his bride, a moment later, "and tell her that we're still in New York."

"All right, if you want to," acquiesced the beaming young husband, and retired to the bathroom to wash from his hands and face the stains of theoretical travel. From within he heard Maybell talking to her sister. There was considerable exposition, and a good deal of happy giggling on Maybell's part. Then an exclamation, and——

"Robert?" he heard her call out.

"What is it, dear?"

"My sister says there's a wonderful little apartment to let on the floor below hers. Two rooms, kitchenette, and bath——"

"Tell her we'll take it!" shouted Robert, and emerged joyously waving a bath towel.

"We'll take it!" repeated Maybell, and hung up the receiver. Then she turned to her husband.

"Dear, I think you'd better call up Aunt Emma. . . . But what on earth will you say to her?"

"O," answered Robert loftily, "I'll tell her that we couldn't go to Connecticut because you were suddenly taken with rheumatism."

One Sunday morning, several months later, Robert Pierce sat in his nine by eleven living room, smoking his pipe and exhaustively reading the papers. Maybell was in the kitchenette, washing the breakfast dishes.

That afternoon he and Maybell would take the West Side subway downtown, get off at a certain station, and enter, without emerging into daylight, a moving picture theater where a film called God's Country was showing. They had been looking forward to that film.

Robert smiled to himself and puffed at the pipe that Maybell had given him as an incidental wedding present. Conscious of a great contentment, he turned the page of the picture section at which he was looking and saw a photograph that seemed strangely familiar.

THE next moment he distinctly recognized it. It was a photograph of young Mr. Jones' ranch, an exact duplicate of the one Maybell had showed him that night—the night he had felt so crushed and desperate, thinking he was going to lose her. Yes, it was undoubtedly a picture of young Mr. Jones' ranch, with the Rocky Mountains in the background, as natural as could be; the self-same palatial ranch that Maybell had rejected for—well, for love and a two-room apartment.

"Maybell," he called. "Look here!"

Then his glance fell upon the descriptive caption that accompanied the photograph. The caption read:

"Panoramic View of the Recently Opened Majestic Hotel, Clearmeadow, New Jersey, Showing the Jersey Hills Beyond," and, in smaller type, "Jones & Jones, Architects."

"What is it, Robert?" inquired Maybell from the doorway.

He looked up at her, and suddenly he remembered the picture of Aunt Emma's farmhouse that he had cut out of a magazine and pasted on a piece of cardboard and palmed off as genuine. He remembered that awful moment in the railroad station when he had broken down and confessed his sin. He remembered also how sweetly—and how readily—his adorable Maybell had forgiven him.

He quietly folded the newspaper and dropped it to the floor.

"Er—nothing," said Robert. "I—I was just wondering whether we oughtn't to ask Aunt Emma to dinner tonight."

THE END

Richard Harding Davis

WHOSE Works Preserve for All Ages the Adventurous, Expansionist Spirit of the Decades Which Ushered in the Twentieth Century, the World War, and Our Own Times.

A Biographical Picture

By THOMAS BEER

HE BECAME a celebrity at the age of twenty-six and didn't make a public fool of himself. You will look through the newspapers of 1890 without finding that Richard Harding Davis gave out an interview on art, religion, politics, or his personal ambitions. The handsome young gentleman was used to celebrities. Great folk passing through Philadelphia stopped to dine or lunch with his father, who seems to have been as pleasant an editor as ever lived, and the small boy was probably brought down from his nursery to be kissed by Louisa May Alcott, who has left recorded her surprise at finding Rebecca Harding Davis such a pretty, cheerful woman when her tales were so gloomy.

Richard and his brother saw Edwin Booth rolling his fine eyes and shook hands with Henry Irving and romped with Joseph Jefferson, who carried his fame lightly. In 1882 Richard escorted his mother to hear an oddly dressed, curiously speaking notoriety lecture on the loveliness of Japanese prints and the merits of vivid wallpaper, and he thought badly of Mr. Oscar Wilde's dress and bearing.

So, in 1890, the author of Gallagher, My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen, and A Walk Up the Avenue had nothing to say of his rise from obscurity, and people who called on him at the office of *Harper's Weekly* found a tallish, easy fellow who talked rapidly in baritone and wore unobtrusive carnations, not chrysanthemums, in his excellent coats. In 1889 Mr. Davis was just a reporter on *The Evening Sun*. In October of 1890 he was already R. H. D., and battle raged among the virgins of a famous school for girls in the Hudson valley over a signed photograph of the new god stolen by one young female from a brother. Rebecca Harding's boy, Richard, was the talk of New York.

He shared the talk with private news of a murder in high life that never took place and with the chatter about Carmencita, whose red and black gowns flashed nightly in smoke of Koster & Bial's terrible music hall. Carmencita had the advantage of Davis in that she was a woman, a foreigner, and a scandal. Five Christian matrons came all the way from Chicago to have her hanged or suppressed. Nobody knows why. Her frocks covered most of her shoulders and her legs. She obviously wore corsets and her manner was all that a Spanish lady's should be. Davis, of course, went to see her dance and wasn't much impressed, but their cases were alike in this: they had both appeared at the right moment.

New York was tired of burly blonde women strutting in pink tights, and the nation outside New York was ever so tired of its writers.

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Mark Twain had lost his novelty. Readers knew what to expect of Mr. Howells and Mr. Cable, and Henry James had fallen from favor as his books began to take on the air of long winded reports by a stranger in a drawing room as to the conduct of people whom nobody had ever met. George Ade, Stephen Crane, and Frank Norris had not yet started.

HERE was a fresh, young talent whose subjects were fresh, too. If Gallagher, Mr. Raegen, and Her First Appearance are not great fiction, they are easily twelve times as good as were the tales printed solemnly in American magazines of the eighties. Try to read those histories of tame love in which young men woo young women as though they were moral issues and only drink champagne to show themselves on the road to hellfire, and the dreary English serials that pumped along for nine and ten numbers of *Harper's* and the rest as though they were worth something—heaven knows what.

And Mr. Davis talked so cheerfully of things new in American writing—pleasant millionaires idling in the wings of theaters quite blamelessly, cub reporters, Fifth Avenue. Whatever he may have meant to New York, he became New York in the eyes of readers scattered from Bangor to Seattle, and lonesome shacks in Colorado or bedrooms elsewhere showed his first printed photograph tacked on walls, so before he began to travel, the face with its wide mouth and deep, admirable eyes, was familiar to the crowd and he was recognized by the mixed men congested in Creede, Colorado, in March of 1892, when he came to report the new mining town and found it mostly "lost hope stuck on mud."

And then he went abroad. This again was the right thing and the lucky thing. No American who could report had gone abroad in some time, and this was a new sort of reporter, not at all scared of Europe, who wore pajamas, not nightshirts, and could not and never would be bullied by waiters into paying huge prices for bad meals because he was an American. He lounged at Oxford through May of 1892 and then settled with his more critical brother Charles in fine rooms for the London season. Very well. He had a name in London and was welcome, for he was the best of company.

So he saw great balls, the Derby, the regatta at Henley, toured with a candidate for Parliament and didn't like the English fashion of heckling speakers any more than he liked the spectacle of welshers thrashed by the crowd at a race track, or the squalor of London's East End, which Mr. Henry James wouldn't enter because it depressed him so.

And at one luncheon he found himself facing across the flowers the strange, ugly face of Mr. Oscar Wilde, no longer clad in velvet or supporting a chrysanthemum, but altered into a correct dandy, courted because he could amuse and rather dreaded because he could be very cruel to bores and was likely to still all conversation while he talked on endlessly.

Mr. Wilde didn't like Americans, although he sometimes found them useful financially, as some of his prized signatures dated 1883 and 1889 bear witness; but you may make use of a banker without being his friend, and the dandy often amused himself by teasing these quaint Yankees who came prying wistfully into European life. So Mr. Davis was from Philadelphia? Ah, yes! The city in which Washington was buried!

"Nonsense," said Davis amiably, "he's buried at Mount Vernon."

But in 1892 it was no small thing to say "Nonsense" to Oscar Wilde, however pleasantly. Soon the talk shifted to a new French painter and Wilde lifted his bleating voice to say, "Do let's hear what Mr. Davis thinks of him. Americans always talk so amusingly of art."

Davis stopped eating and answered, "I never talk about things when I don't know the facts," and silence fell. Wilde rallied in a moment and retorted, "That must limit your conversation fearfully," but the second which divides wit from simple rudeness had passed and the hearers don't remember this as one of Wilde's best occasions. However, the dandy bore Davis no grudge and after his ruin sent another American to find the journalist in Paris and begged some money as comfortably as possible.

AND now Davis ceased to be an amusing light writer and became an important one. It was well that he had every instinct of the reporter and not many notions of the social critic, for a spectacle wheeled before his photographic eyes, and in Our English Cousins he recorded what he saw of that vanished English world of 1892, that rotation of the earth's calmest and richest society through its summer's ritual.

While Davis dined with Lord Saint Cyr and Lady Henry Somerset and had tea with Henry James in the Reform Club, small boys were playing cricket in smutty fields outside mining towns who now sit carelessly in that Parliament then called the "smartest club in the universe," and other small boys were watching their fathers lend on watches in pawnshops or sell cheap clothes in lanes who now drink champagne, discussing international loans, among the pictures and historic furniture of the palaces in which Davis danced, and he danced splendidly, through nights of June until the fair girls floated in the rounds of the cotillion under dead lamps in the full glow of the English dawn.

For in 1892 a visible glory hung over London and over the plump old lady whose bonnet with its violet cockade nodded in the hollow of her vast carriage as she was driven through cheers and past wet, loyal eyes, down the race course at Ascot. It seemed that Lord Salisbury could command the seasons to change at her bidding so that nice people could shoot in autumn, hunt in winter, gamble Lent away at Monte Carlo, and idle off from country house to house for the mild summer of the Isle. Mr. Rudyard Kipling had made a new song of Empire and her monstrous possessions took on new color to England because of the dark young man from India. Mr. Wilde sniffed at the coarse Australian millionaires in his comedies.

Vanished sons of quite too frightfully good families came plunging home, in fashionable melodramas, with gold from Canada or one of those queer places in the Colonies just in time to save the Old Hall from being sold to the villain. The lady known as "Ouida" wrote about the awful dissipations of earls, marchionesses and handsome guardsmen, and chambermaids and American ladies were fascinated by the printed view of an inaccessible wonderland. What mattered the grumblings of Mr. William Morris and John Burns and the outcries of Walter Besant over the poverty of the poor? Would England ever change? Impossible! The world supported the Crown and the Bank, and the Prince of Wales gave dinners of twelve courses, and it was seriously contested that a gentleman should have forty pairs of trousers in one year, at the least. Immense, certain, and suave the smart world swung through its season and Davis wrote it down for homekeeping folk to see.

And now a dust has fallen on that picture. The Harries and Harriets who swarmed out to the Derby in coats of a thousand buttons and hats of twenty plumes have altered voice and habit. The great houses of Park Lane have changed their owners. The streets have crusted themselves with those vulgar American electric signs and yelling negroes have replaced the blue Hungarian orchestras and military bands at the gayer, looser balls, and Our English Cousins comes to its second value: it is history.

Another year and Davis flitted down the

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A Man to Be Remembered

TO THE young men and boys of the period in which he wrote, Richard Harding Davis was an inspiration. And even today his writings are a stimulating influence. Despite the lapse of years his books are among the best sellers, always absorbing, ever realistic. His characters breathe the breath of life, for Davis lived his characters.

This article by Thomas Beer is among the best personality contributions written in years. Mr. Beer has a genius for steeping himself in an epoch and then putting the very pulse of that epoch into print. In this tribute he exhibits that gift to the full in recreating the era of Richard Harding Davis. He made a remarkable impression in his book on Stephen Crane, and his latest novel, Sandoval, has created a sensation in American literary circles.

Critics are calling him the most promising of young American writers.

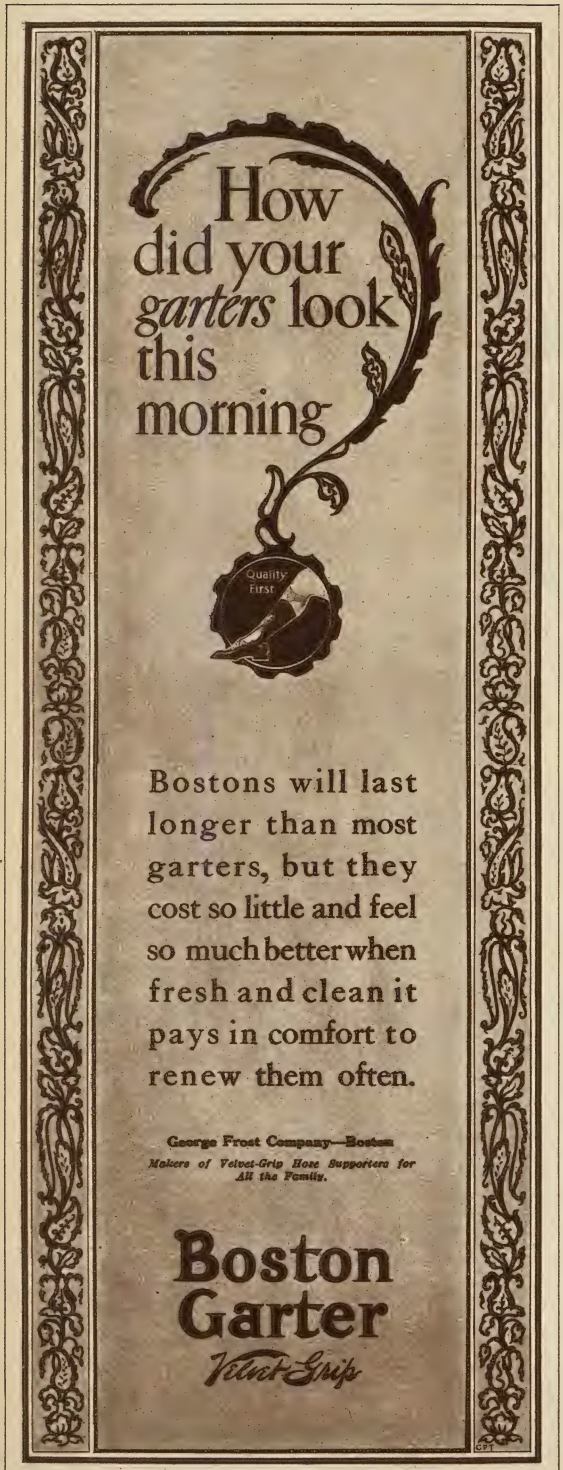
R. H. D. before the State House at Pretoria, South Africa, while reporting the Boer War. As usual, his dress is immaculate, although the condition of his horse indicates that both have had a hard ride.

HIS study in which Davis wrote many of his famous books. The room, both in character and arrangement of furnishings, testifies to his taste for the best and his abhorrence of ostentation.

A MEETING between two famous men during historic days. The photograph, taken during the Spanish-American war, shows Richard Harding Davis, third from the left, talking to Theodore Roosevelt, then Lieutenant Colonel of the Rough Riders, in an encampment of the famous regiment. The others are Stephen Bonsal and Major Dunn.

Photos courtesy Chas. Scribner's Sons

IN working trim as a war correspondent in South Africa. This assignment was disappointing, for the British censors were not partial to his vivid and complete reports of the war.



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Mediterranean, saw Gallagher on a bookstall in Cairo, was disgusted by the rouged face of a Greek corpse in Athens and then charged up the map to Paris. And in About Paris the voice of Rebecca Harding's son makes itself heard. The liberal young man was moral as it is reasonable to be, and he didn't like the songs that Yvette Guilbert sang that summer with her famous gloves swaying and her famous grin shimmering above the heads of her adorers. He liked the songs neither publicly in *Scribner's Magazine*, nor privately, writing to his family, for there was no concealment or policy in the man. The Moulin Rouge was not a silly music hall but a ruinous machine, and the scandal mongering ladies of the American colony were evil pests.

He couldn't like the French as he had liked the English, and he couldn't manage to be much impressed by the reception of a new member at the Académie Française even though he sat beside the American Ambassador on the famous floor of the hall and shook hands afterward with the author of Camille.

And if he didn't very well understand the impressionist painters whose work now seems as formal and comprehensible as any lithograph, he had handsome company in the mistake and he wasn't awed or thrilled by the commonplace folk of the cabarets and he failed to take the night life of the city for more than it was worth.

He happened to be brave, so he wasn't sympathetic to the sight of French soldiers running like rabbits when a grand stand smashed noisily in the midst of President Carnot's funeral procession. It distressed his natural reverence that the French should treat the murdered official's funeral as a show and he heartily admired Casimir Pērier, the new President, for walking up behind the catafalque in spite of the fear of another assassin.

Davis had an unqualified admiration of the courageous thing. He admired Casimir Pērier's dignity and his ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the simplest fashion, and you will find in his letters to his family that he had picked out of a book on military decorations the ones that he most wanted to have for himself. It was the strangest foible in a man of his general sense, but it existed, as it exists in other sensible men. Like many Americans of his time, the prose of Robert Louis Stevenson had fascinated him and he had a mania for adventures, and the talk of adventures. In the ironic Stephen Crane the same thirst of excitement took the form of twisting adventures backward and showing their futile, silly side.

But Davis took adventure seriously and it seldom becomes humorous in his earlier work. He was well in the current of American thought of the '90s. Sporting life meant more to him than it means to us. He could get genuinely annoyed over the hissing of an English horse at the French race tracks and his simple boyishness over such things made him all the more pleasant to people. Just as he enjoyed the frolic of the night of the Grand Prix, he didn't like the posturing Aristide Bruant who sang songs at his restaurant, having somehow forced Paris to take his dolorous ballads as "art," whereas they were merely clever and mostly stolen.

DAVIS in Paris was not too fascinated by the city's American life. The young artists who had developed, as they still do, all the manias of self-adornment, bored him a good deal and his last paper of the French series has some vigorous snorts. The youth whose studio was an arrangement in four colors and six ornaments, none of which must be disturbed, came in for a beating, and he fell furiously on the International Marriage, that jolly myth of the times that brought wealthy American girls jamming European hotels in chase of noblemen.

It was the first intelligent comment on a situation that had been vulgarly dealt with in the American press, but he made his points against hasty alliances so tactfully that nobody could accuse him of gossiping about special cases.

Still, About Paris is not deeply critical. Again it is the external brilliance of the town that flares in his lightly moving prose and you see Davis plainly, exploring the Halles at daybreak in a crowd of folk, still dressed for dinner, watching a rehearsal at the smartest music hall, touched by the invalid girl in lodgings across from him, saying so, and fancying that he had caught Paris in holy innocence at dawn because birds sang in the moist trees and just one cab went slowly by the stark colors of the posters as he stood pensive.

Through the whole series runs the tone of sense. He could not be deceived by its gilding into thinking a café a paradise and he noticed the greasy paper fluttering in the wake of a procession as he noticed the stars of orders on the uniforms of commanders and the powdered shoulders of those fleshly stars now forgotten, then so lustrous in the news. But it would be years before another American caught the same charm of contact with our nation's paradise.

In January of 1895 came his trip through Central America with two friends. The tour served him as the source of many tales, but

Four famous contemporaries—Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Bonsal, war correspondent and diplomat; Caspar Whitney, editor, explorer, and author, and Frederic Remington, the noted artist. Charles Scribner's Sons Photo.

his articles on it are not as good as the European notes. In April he was again in New York, organizing a relief expedition to save John Drew from the terrors of Harlem and receiving congratulations on his novelette, The Princess Aline, while he worked over the smooth machinery of Soldiers of Fortune.

Davis did not write easily. He wrote carefully and tirelessly. It cost him effort to keep the level ease of his manner, apparently so rapid and effortless. It was this easy fluency that improved American journalism.

"All the boys," John Dana of the *Sun* remarked in the summer of 1895, "are trying to imitate Davis," and so they were. And boys were going into journalism because R. H. D. was a journalist.

But Davis didn't regard his trade as the one school for writers. It had led him to be paid five hundred dollars to report a football game in November of 1895 and in December he took five thousand dollars from *Scribner's Magazine* for Soldiers of Fortune, but he would answer a letter asking his advice in this way:

"I never advise young men whom I do not know to go into newspaper work. It is very flattering to be consulted about your future, but reporting is not ideal training for everybody and it might be the wrong thing for you. Twenty years on a paper would not teach the average man to write Mr. Crane's wonderful war story (The Red Badge of Courage) or any work of imagination. It does teach some men to observe carefully, but it teaches others nothing whatever. If you are in New York next month I shall be delighted to talk to you, if you wish. Thank you for all the nice things you say about my 'masterpieces.' I shall send your letter to my mother so that she can see what a wonderful son she has."

HIS mother was the man's audience for all compliments. At Moscow, in May of 1896, he turned to a lady in the American Legation while he sat scribbling a note and said to her, "Make me a nice, long, fat compliment, please. Everybody's been mean to me today and I have to send mother something sweet." So the lady paid him an elaborate compliment and Davis sent it off to Philadelphia. Even in the tumult and strain of the Czar's coronation, with half of smart Europe fighting and bribing officials for cards of admittance, he was whipping off letters to Rebecca Harding Davis daily while he battled for a place at the ceremony, with all the embassies and legations aiding him.

Moscow was a madhouse and Americans were paying small fortunes in gold to be allowed to stand even in the courtyard of the Kremlin. Mrs. Potter Palmer had a hotel for her party. Davis won, of course, and saw the last Romanov and his pale, lovely wife blessed in the odor of incense by the procession of gaudy priests. Then he fled to Hungary to see the ritual of the Hungarian nobles before Franz Josef, drowsy in his chair, and looked at that absurd, gorgeous medley of costumes—silver chain mail, bearskins sewn with diamonds, and satin tights with seams of seed pearls. These things will not be seen again. He wrote them down for his paper and hurried off to Paris to meet his brother Charles.

With January of 1897 came his attempt to cross from Key West to Cuba with Frederic Remington to see the island in revolt. But on New Year's Day, the ship Commodore had foundered off Florida full of contraband ammunition for the Cuban insurgents, nearly drowning Stephen Crane who was aboard for the Bacheller Syndicate. So their filibustering captain fell into fear and Davis and Remington were lugged back to Key West and R. H. D. had to get less romantically to Cardenas.

Davis saw what he could of conditions in Cuba and the success naturally sent him off in a hurry to report real war in Greece. This was another success. He was the only correspondent, save John Bass, who saw the whole battle of Velestinos and so R. H. D. at once became, in the press of New York, "a war correspondent."

We don't take war correspondents as gravely as they were taken in the '90s. Rudyard Kipling's The Light That Failed was a new book, then, and it had crystallized the romance of such reporting. When the massed talent of the American newspapers assembled at Key West in April and May of 1898 waiting for the Spanish-American war to show signs of life, the witty Acton Davies wrote to a friend:

"We are all acting parts from The Light That Failed. You never saw such a collection of boots and pith helmets and field glasses in your life. It is like a rehearsal for a military melodrama."

DAVIS had reached his uttermost reputation. He was thirty-four years old and attacks of sciatica were his only dark misfortunes. But he appeared very simply at Key West, without any grand trappings or gewgaws. Nevertheless he was almost a royal personage among the crowding reporters, friendly or envious, as he represented the New York *Herald*, the London *Times*, and *Scribner's Magazine*. There had been a battle for his services and no other writer in America had ever been so assaulted with offers. Naturally a current of envy came flooding, and for the first time in his history he was probably made aware that it costs to be cock of the walk.

Davis had been tendered a captaincy in the army but on the advice of friends in Washington had declined it. For a few people hadn't succumbed to war fever and the inner ring of Mark Hanna's court at the capital knew it was a waste of time to train a huge force against Spain. But Davis had not a secretive nature. After the fleet had bombarded Matanzas, killing a mule, the center of interest changed to Tampa where the soldiers, amateur and professional, were being herded together under Maj. Gen. Shafter, that astonishing commander who was ill, quarrelsome, profane and almost without experience of warfare.

Davis met boys from New York in uniform and fretted about himself. It became known that he had refused a commission, and a subdued chatter began in the bar of the big hotel. Stephen Crane interrupted a couple of gossips by saying in his slow, tired voice, "Did you Indians try to enlist?" and went off to write sardonically, "The tea party has to have a topic."

As far as there is any record only three of

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I Will Give You a Chance To Earn $200 a Week

RIGHT now, today, I offer you an opportunity to be your own boss—to work just as many hours a day as you please—to start when you want to and quit when you want to—and earn $200 a week.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work. You can do every bit as well as he did.

J. R. Head lives in a small town of 631 people, in Kansas.

Was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted the same offer now made to you and with it made as high as $69.50 for one day's work.

Mail the coupon below and get full details about the same proposition.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $16,800 in three years.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40 a day?

A Clean, High-Grade, Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats? They are advertised in leading magazines. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending in orders. And now I'm offering you the same chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only four average orders a day, which you can easily get, you will make $100 a week.

Maybe You Are Worth $1000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Kreiger $20 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month's spare time.

If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad, I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in a chance to earn $200 a week and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything and you will have a chance to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Get full particulars. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. COMER,
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Dept. 87-F, Dayton, Ohio.

Mail This NOW!

THE COMER MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 87-F, Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me how I can make $200 a week as your representative. Send me complete details of your offer without any obligation to me whatsoever.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Print or write plainly)

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the gathered correspondents had offered to enlist. Crane had been refused because he was too thin to pass an examination. Acton Davies was too fat, and Mortimer Bruce was so ill of heart trouble that he had to leave the camp at Tampa altogether. No doubt there were others, but it doesn't appear that Davis was subject to criticism from most of these men—and it goes without saying that the gossip was limited to a few. He was truly popular. But he had been too much in the high noon of favor to escape his destiny and the hammers tripped busily chipping gold leaf from the idol while the soldiers were loaded into abominable transports and shipped drearily around Cuba to the lovely beaches of Guantanamo Bay.

THE army landed in nine hours while foreign experts predicted that the disembarkation would last for days. The army needed a bath, badly, and went swimming. Private Lester Keith was seized with cramps, swallowed much ocean and prepared to go to heaven. Somebody plunged into the water and hauled him ashore and vanished while the youth was deciding that he still lived. The matter isn't recorded in any of R. H. D.'s letters to his family, unless Mr. Charles Davis has lost that one.

On June 25th, Davis marched among the Rough Riders through the trail to Las Guasimas and became more famous and more envied still. Toward noon on July 1st he observed Stephen Crane lost in thought and standing upright in the trenches and hollows below San Juan hill. Crane's admiration of his goddess, Fear, was always inconvenient in Cuba. Davis got Crane to lie down and stay lying finally by the rude, effective process of getting up in a flurry of bullets and throwing him down. In his article on the campaign, he merely reports that he taunted Crane with bravado and that Crane lay down.

About three hours later, Davis led Corporal Charles Katzen into the hospital tent with a belt twisted about his mangled wrist. He had found Katzen tranquilly bleeding to death and unconscious under a bush of the terrible roadway that had been a shambles at noon. After dark he reappeared at the hospital with Crane and another correspondent, and said to a surgeon, "If any of these boys have letters to dictate, we will take them." These details don't appear in his printed work.

The preposterous Nineteenth Century now crawled to its close. Davis had missed very little worth seeing of its last decade. He hadn't closely examined some of the great folk worth knowing but he had seen and talked to the brightly lighted celebrities of the time, and it is too bad that he never thought of sketching for us Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Rejane, Wilde, Hanna, Bernhardt, Sargent, Whistler, and a dozen more whose names flash up in his letters. He could talk of them cleverly enough. But he was not a critic, temperamentally, and it was the general not the individual spectacle that fascinated him. So the shows and excitements of the decade passed before and he enjoyed them heartily, and now it seemed that a bell tolled in heaven and the American public faced about smartly on the signal.

A pretty game called the Wicked Rich *vs.* the Virtuous Poor had been patented and had grown in popularity. A new fiction came to view under the influence of Hamlin Garland, Stephen Crane, and Frank Norris. The United States fell to muckraking and stared at itself with awe and interest, as a lad notices suddenly a pimple on his nose. There were new amusers for the undergraduates and Davis was no longer the solitary god of ladies reading in hammocks. Mr. Winston Churchill had arisen. Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Gouverneur Morris were about to rise. Mr. Owen Wister's Virginian was mounting for the ride that still goes on after almost a quarter of a century. Mrs. Wharton had bid for favor with the intelligent minority.

THE foreign scene lost some of its interest for the Yankee, and it did not thrill readers very greatly to hear that Davis had left the British army in South Africa disgusted by its commanders and by the surveillance of the reporters, for the British War Office wanted none of this nonsense about the sacred newspapers, and the generals ordered correspondents about almost coarsely. Davis didn't like the war. His sympathy lay rather with the Boers, and America didn't care much one way or the other.

Nor in 1904 was there any very sharp excitement over the plight of correspondents hemmed by civil Japanese authority in Tokyo. Japan preferred that her proceedings in Manchuria should go along without the men of the press, and Davis came home to his father's deathbed without having seen anything dire or even writeable. Meanwhile his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, had the full center of the stage in Washington, and the noise was thunderous. So the success of R. H. D. with a farce, The Dictator, and the appearance of his somber, best short story, The Derelict, were less discussed in the press. And then came the little tragedy of Captain Macklin.

Davis had worked on the satire for years. It was published. The critics, with the one exception of Arthur Bartlett Maurice, promptly made fools of themselves. They had the thin ghost of an

excuse. Davis had always built his tales about sympathetic figures, and *Royal Macklin* was a reversal of his habit. *Macklin*, the critics could see, was a swashbuckling egotist and his adventure ended nowhere. So they joyously assumed that Davis didn't know what he had been doing and they loudly brayed at him.

Then he got himself into trouble with prudes and gossips by publicly defending his friend Stanford White. White was being tried in the newspapers and bars for debaucheries that he'd never had time to commit while he lived and couldn't deny, being dead. The millionaires and artists who had feasted with him went sneaking off to Europe or California rather than face questions, and a man whose house he had built denied in the hall of the Holland House that he had ever even met the architect. Davis covered a page of *Collier's Weekly* with his disgust and pain. It was the strangest picture of human loyalty! Howard Pyle, the religious, retiring painter, forbade men to gossip about White before him in a club; and Davis, the conventional gentleman who had made decency a fetish in his tales, demanding justice in print, while the Bohemians and liberals and rakes ran to cover or joined in the attack! But nothing could turn the tide in White's favor, and Davis suffered by his own generosity. It was a sorry business. It could happen again tomorrow.

THE man was at all times generous to other writers. He even bought their books by the half dozen and sent them off to friends.

He had an unconscious critical gift, so his remarks on novels were often very shrewd, but he didn't care for criticism, and only once or twice reviewed the work of other people. Still, he encouraged talent and watched the rise of younger writers without a jealous word. His own preference lay with lightness and grace, of course, just as he preferred handsome clothes, fine wines and good food.

There was something European in Davis from his boyhood. He regarded life as time to be enjoyed and not as a penance to be endured. The point of view will never be understood in America. He was quite unashamed of spending an hour in choosing a tennis racquet or in ordering flowers to be sent to a first night of Ethel Barrymore or John Drew. His brother tells us that he spent his publisher's checks as income, and, like that of Henry James, a deal of his money went in private charities and in loans, even in years when his own affairs were hardly blooming. He once enclosed a check in a note to Mr. Ford Bemis, who had written asking help for a broken reporter and ended his letter thus:

"Please remember to cash this and give X——— the bills. If he gets on his feet he can pay you, but it would embarrass him to know that this comes from me, as we have never been friends."

For Davis was above the hypocrisy of writers and journalists who profess to regard their calling as a band of devoted brothers. A bore was a bore to him, even if the creature happened to be a brilliant novelist. Miss Jones might be an abominable painter, but she was such a nice girl, so Miss Jones would be asked to a gay week-end at Mount Kisco, and Mr. Robinson, the new novelist, who had no manners and could talk nothing but books, would be cordially nodded to on Fifth Avenue and honestly congratulated on his novel, but he would not be asked to lunch at The Players or to a week-end at Mount Kisco.

No doubt the perfect sense of the attitude didn't appeal to some writers, for it is the pathetic delusion of the artist that he and not his art is a thing of interest. Other professions suffer from the same delusion, and it can't be helped.

DAVIS talked rapidly, steadily and courteously, and listened as delightfully as he talked. He didn't deal in epigrams, although he could say a shrewd thing in definition. He remarked of a certain vulgar writer: "The sort of a man who brags that he never went to college and then says, 'Meet my friend Smith. He's a Harvard man.'" And he remarked of a passionate poetess, "She always talks of her heart as if it were a sick housemaid."

While he was busy with his campaign for military training in 1915 he said before me, "Americans don't want a competent army because they prefer the amateur to the expert. The bad thing about the United States is that it only likes professionalism in sport." And the saying isn't pointless.

He was not, in my hearing, a particularly witty man, but the quality that made his talk memorable is the quality that made him a celebrity at twenty-six; he knew how to report. He could make his hearer see Whistler's garden and Will Rothenstein sketching a great lady's dog in chalk on a marble bench, or Stephen Crane trying to pound back a heel on one of his shoes while the Rough Riders waved hats on the crest of San Juan, or Madame Rejane in a fit of anger over Aubrey Beardsley's brutal drawing of her face, or the shy Czar fiddling with the crown of Russia set askew on his thick head. I think it was the odd event or the curious accident that held Davis spellbound, for the motive behind it never seemed to interest him. Perhaps he had always been too much enchanted with the visible world, but he spoke kindly of the poor old thing, and lived so kindly in it.

With 1914 he returned in a whirl to public notice and high favor. The stalwart body and tanned face appeared in hot Vera Cruz and other correspondents sweating in flannel shirts envied, or admired, his cool linen and his evening dress as he sat writing love letters in the arcade of the jammed hotel. He carried his white pith helmet off to get an interview with Huerta, with every risk of being shot before he found the dictator, got arrested to the vexation of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, and was sent back to Vera Cruz. And then in September his enemies paid him compliments and his friends sent him cablegrams.

The Germans covered Belgium in a gray, irresistible flood and Davis was there to see. He loved the rôle of war correspondent and now his love justified itself. The war brought out more critical and, perhaps, more subtle reporting, but in the province of swift review and exhibition nothing ever equaled R. H. D.'s picture of invaded Belgium. Applause began and lasted long, and before its echo died he was dead also.

ONE day mankind may get tired of the false and meaningless word "greatness" and people won't be stuck on pedestals for a single merit and then pulled down for the lack of others. It will be vastly more comfortable for the writer, the scientist, and the politician, although it will leave the critics with less work to do and they may not like it.

But before that day comes the historians will go looking for news of the singular Nineteenth Century's last years, the funny glories of a vanished time, and they will nod rather gratefully to the ghost of a well dressed, cheerful man who had a taste for the popular thing and an eye for the bright stars. One good reporter is worth ten hundred dull critics.

So the old Queen's bonnet will bob and the tall policemen will swim hand over hand among furious men on the Derby's turf. The music halls will shout for Vesta Tilley and Yvette Guilbert. Priests robed in golden tissue will chant, and the blue handkerchief of Roosevelt will float from his sunburnt neck in the shade of bullet-riddled palms. So R. H. D. will come to a second use and fame. Who else can show so well the last Emperor of Austria and the last Czar, and the black and silver hearse of a slain President of France, or Bernhardt's painted smile as she lounged in her car of whitest roses and the children of Paris ran to catch her flowers—the glittering image of our joys and vanities?

THE END

Richard Harding Davis as he appeared in Key West just before the American army went to Cuba. Left to right: Capt. P. G. Treat, Mr. Davis, C. M. Sheldon, J. C. Klein, P. Bigelow, Stephen Basset, Y. G. Randolph, and Capt. N. Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons Photo.

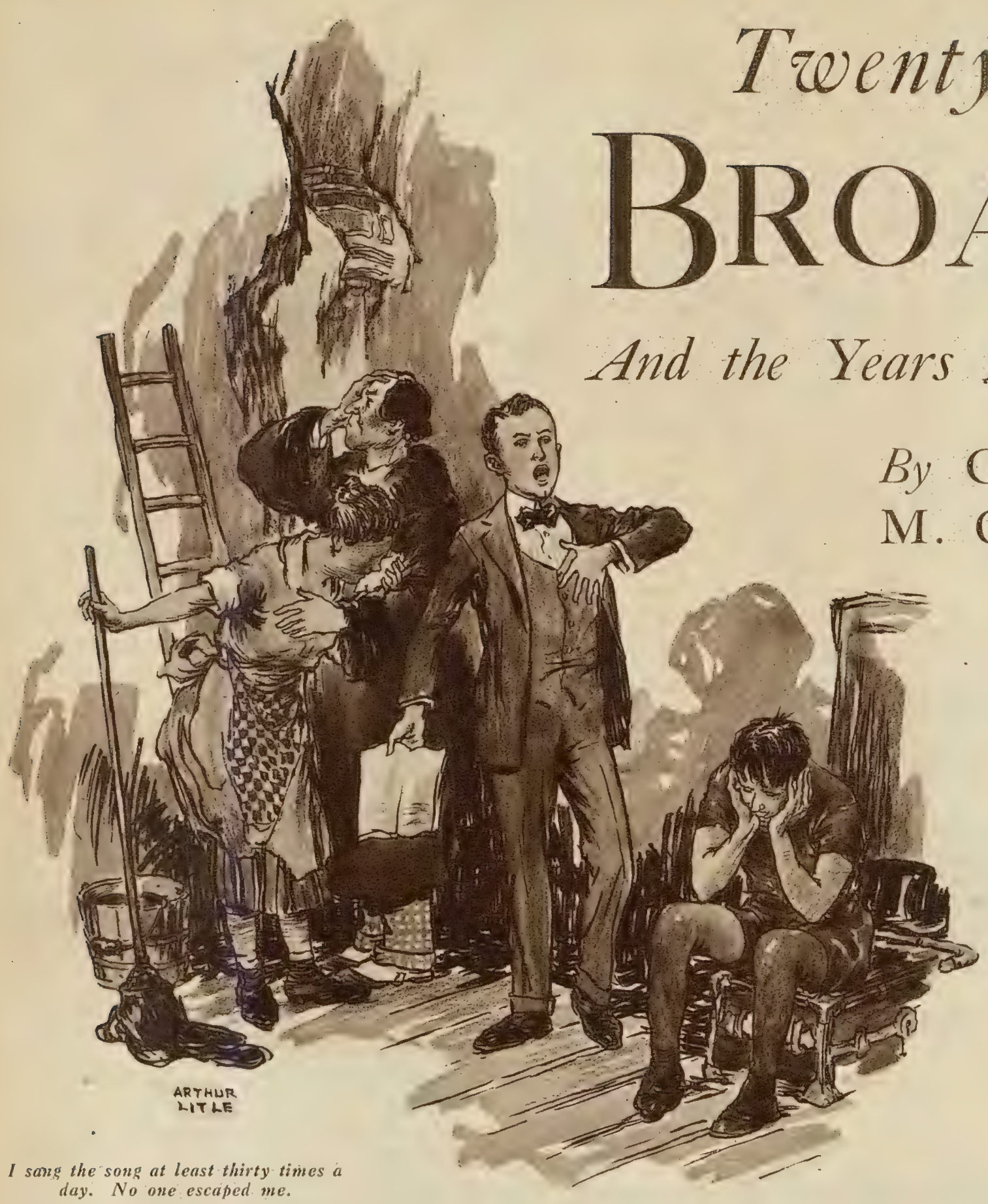
Twenty Years on BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN

The Life Story of the Miracle Man of the Stage— Written by Himself

Pictures by ARTHUR LITLE



I sang the song at least thirty times a day. No one escaped me.

START this anywhere. It's not a fiction serial, with a plot, but a true record of a genius by a genius. Each installment is packed with laughs and human interest. Jump on board the Cohan Express right here! In the previous installment Mr. Cohan told how he tried to "mix it" with the stars at a benefit performance at the Imperial Music Hall. But his little stunt was crowded out by "specialties" of more famous actors and he never reached the stage of the Imperial. In this installment he resumes his much talked of memoirs.

CHAPTER XV.

MY FIRST PUBLISHER.

AFTER my Imperial benefit experience I received no further offers for personal appearances the balance of the winter. Josie kept on with her single dancing act, and years afterward I learned through Joseph Vion, who became our agent, that he had endeavored time and again to induce mother and Dad to accept engagements for their "double sketches," but rather than have me discover that I was the only one of the quartet not wanted they refused all offers and never mentioned the matter to me at all.

My state of mind during those months of idleness I wouldn't attempt to describe. I was absolutely certain that "dirty work" was being done by my enemies (probably the stage hands at the Union Square Theater), and the whole scheme was to keep me off the stage and break my spirit, if possible, before I got the chance of exploiting my marvelous talents.

Day after day I'd go about mumbling to myself: "I'll show them yet; I'll have all these sour grape birds bowing and scraping to me before long. . . . I'll make this whole theatrical business sit up and holler for help, that's what I'll do. I'll have my name posted and plastered up and down Broadway until I'm as well known as Hood's Sarsaparilla. . . . The first million dollars I get my hands on I'll use it to buy that Koster and Bial dump, and I'll take those two guys' names down and put my own up. Yes, and I'll get even with that guy Krauss, too, and as for Keith and Albee, well, they'll all hear from me. Every one of them."

This was a sample of the silent monologues I delivered as I walked about town reading the sidewalks and dreaming my dreams of future fame and vengeance. From one music publishing house to another I traipsed, with my song manuscripts, week in and week out. I had about exhausted the entire Tin Pan Alley circuit. They all said the same thing:

"No market for songs of that kind."

"I'll write any kind you want," I'd reply.

"We don't want any right now," they'd answer.

"I'll get even with these guys," I'd mutter to myself as I'd roll up my manuscripts and take it on the run.

There was one concern, however, that I'd never had courage enough to visit. It was the establishment of M. Witmark & Sons. They were the big song publishers in those days. They still are, as far as I'm concerned. I figured it would be useless to try for a hearing with that house, as they seemed to have first call on the output of every leading composer and lyric writer in the country. They'd be far too busy to bother with a new man; besides, I had them tabbed for a lot of swelled headed guys anyway.

"The big stiffs," I'd say to myself as I'd pass by their place. "Just goes to show how smart those babies in there are, publishing all that bum material written by a lot of 'hams,' and here I am, the best song writer in America, walking right by their door with four or five great big sure-fire hits under my arm."

ONE day, out of sheer desperation, as I was about to pass their front door I took a running start up the steps leading to the main entrance, and before I knew it I was inside, presenting my card to the young lady attendant. She very courteously invited me to be seated and wait until "Mister Isidore" was free. Mister Isidore, by the way, turned out to be the eldest of the family of Witmark boys who were in business with their father. The young lady attendant disappeared through a doorway in the rear, and a few minutes later returned, followed by an elderly man, to whom she turned and spoke as she indicated me.

"There's young Mr. Cohan, sitting over there," she said.

The old gentleman came forward and extended his hand as I rose to greet him. It was the heartiest handshake I had received since I'd been in New York.

"Are you Jerry Cohan's son?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Glad to meet you; mighty glad to meet

you," he repeated. "I saw your father years ago in a play called The Molly Maguires."

"You don't say." He had said it, of course, but I was trying to find words.

"I'm Mr. Witmark," he told me, as he gave my hand another shake.

He made me feel so welcome and so perfectly at ease that my heart (which had been up in my throat at the thought of having dared to approach this firm with my songs) slipped back in its regular place.

"Great pleasure to know you, Mr. Witmark," I said as I started to unroll my manuscripts.

"Come right with me, Georgie." He called me "Georgie"; I knew then I was "in soft." "My son, Isidore, will see you right away," and as he said this he led me through a railing (the kind they have in police stations) to a door in the rear, then down an outer hall and into a private office.

A tall, dark complexioned, well groomed young man, wearing the thickest eyeglasses I'd ever seen, stood behind the busiest desk I'd ever looked at as we walked into the room. This same young man turned out to be the Mister Isidore I'd heard everybody talking about in the front office.

"This is my son, Izzy," said Mr. Witmark Senior, and then he presented me to Izzy. "This is Jerry Cohan's son, Georgie."

"Glad to know you, young man," said Izzy.

"Glad to know you, too," and we shook hands.

The old gentleman then went on to explain who I was and how much he had enjoyed my Dad's performances years before. He hadn't stopped to inquire what I was there for, but was certainly advertising the fact that he wanted me to get a hearing.

"Give this boy every attention, Izzy," he said as he shook hands with me again before leaving the room.

"You bet I will," returned young Witmark, and when the old gentleman had gone I sat down near the big desk and explained that I was there for the sole purpose of adding a few new hits to their catalogue.

"Let's hear what you've got," said young Witmark.

I MOVED to the piano and played and sang over several of my favorite ditties, and when I'd finished he rose from his chair behind the desk without any comment whatsoever and said, "Pardon me just a moment." He went through a side door which I later found out was a "getaway" to the front office.

I naturally supposed that he had gone to get his entire family of brothers and partners to come and hear my masterpieces of composition. "We can't afford to let this kid get away from us; he's a genius." I could almost hear him whispering this to the gang out front.

It was fully five minutes before he returned, and when he did he said in a very matter of fact way: "Now, listen, young man. I've just had a talk with my father, and he seems very anxious to encourage you and help you in every possible way; but, to be truthful, there's only one of your songs that sounds like anything worth while to me. I mean that ballad you just sang."

"Do you refer to Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home?" I asked.

"That's the one. Mind you, I'm not saying it's a good song," he went on. "As a matter of fact, it's a pretty bad song as it stands, but if you care to leave the manuscript here I'll see what can be done with it, and the chances are we'll be able to put it in some kind of shape and get it out and give you a start."

The Famous Four Cohans in 1904. Top, J. J. Cohan, Mrs. J. J. Cohan. Bottom, George M. Cohan, Josephine Cohan.

I didn't quite understand what he was getting at, but the thought struck me that he was trying to take advantage of my lack of business ability.

"This fellow knows in his heart that he's just heard four or five of the greatest songs ever written in any part of the world," I thought to myself. In a flash I was absolutely on to the fact that he was afraid I would demand big advance royalties, and so was using these methods to discourage and browbeat me into accepting whatever he cared to offer.

"What about the contract?" I inquired. He smiled at this. His work was great, all right, but I was eyeing him very closely.

"We'll talk about the contract later on, son, if you don't mind. I'm pretty busy right now. (I'd been there over an hour.) Just leave your 'script on the piano over there and stroll in the latter part of next week, and I'll let you know definitely whether we can do anything about it or not."

I was on the verge of laughing down such an outrageous arrangement, when it suddenly occurred to me that, never having had a song published, it would at least be a step forward to a real hearing, so I took the wild chance of leaving my manuscript and of being robbed and cheated. I merely said:

"All right, Mr. Witmark, whatever you say." His desk telephone rang and he said something about its being a "private matter," so I stepped out of his office without saying anything more. On the way out the old gentleman stopped me to shake hands again.

"Izzy tells me you're trying to become a song writer," he chuckled. What did he mean, "trying to become a song writer?" How dare he patronize me in such a manner?

"O, yes," I answered as indifferently as I could. "Anything to keep the pot boiling." He walked with me to the front door.

"Remember me to your father," he said, as I started down the steps.

"I sure will, yes, sir," and I headed for Broadway.

"They're a gang of pirates and highwaymen in that place," I said to myself as I hurried along. I called the Witmarks everything villainous I could.

THE fact that I'd actually "landed a song" finally loomed up before me. I was at last going to see my name as author and composer printed on the title page of a musical composition which would more than likely sell millions of copies. I instantly calmed down at the thought and started whistling the refrain of Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home? and kept at it from Twenty-eighth street all the way down Broadway to Union Square. When I arrived there I stopped to mingle with a

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group of song writers, to whom I began singing the praises of M. Witmark & Sons, and followed it up with a verse and chorus of the "Nellie" song.

When I had finished my rendition of this sad but beautiful ballad a parody writer, who was known as "McCann, the song factory," and who was a great favorite with the variety actors on account of his exceptional wit and ready remarks, said to me:

"Did you sell that song to the Witmarks?"

"Sure. They grabbed it the minute I pulled it on them."

"Put it there, kid," and he grasped my hand. "You're the best business man I ever met."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

The gang started backing away from the curb to get more laughing space.

"Have you ever heard the song yourself?" went on McCann.

"Ever heard it? Certainly. Didn't I just tell you that I wrote it?"

"I know you wrote it, but have you ever heard it?"

"Certainly I've heard it. Didn't I just sing it?"

"I know you sang it, but I'm asking you again, have you ever heard it?" he insisted.

By this time the rest of the crowd that had moved away were convulsed, falling over each other trying to see who could laugh the loudest. It took me till then to realize that I was being "kidded" by McCann.

"You'll get rich stringing me."

"We'll never be rich enough," he replied, "to repay you for writing a song like that. You deserve a monument over in Calvary."

Another wild outburst sent me on my way down Fourteenth Street and to the boarding house, where I imparted the news to my family that the Witmarks were moving heaven and earth in their efforts to get my name to a long term contract. I had all the publishers in town fighting for my future compositions and had just closed a big deal for Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home?

"Hurray for you, son," shouted Dad.

Josie threw her arms about my neck and kissed me.

Mother wept with joy.

"I told you I'd fold this town up and put it my pocket, didn't I? Well, you just watch me from now on."

The supper bell rang and "America's best song writer" spent the following half hour complaining bitterly about the boarding house food.

CHAPTER XVI.

GETTING BUSY.

DURING the two or three weeks that followed I devoted most of my spare time to "buttonholing" acquaintances, edging my way into groups, and annoying people generally by advertising the fact, with words and music, that "Nellie had left her home." I carried the royalty contract, which Witmark had given me, in my coat pocket and proudly displayed it every chance I got. I sang the song at least thirty times a day. No one escaped me. Acrobats, magicians, jugglers, monologists, wirewalkers—in fact, all of Union Square listened most patiently as I moved about here and there rendering the brilliant ballad to them all.

When the advance professional copies of the song came out, much to my astonishment and chagrin, I discovered that an entirely new set of lyrics had been written to fit my melody. The only thing left of the original set of words was the title line. My indignation knew no bounds.

"They can't do this to me," I declared to myself over and over again as I read and reread the new version of my brain child. "I'll sue them, that's what I'll do. I'll put them in jail for this."

And then the terrible, humiliating thought struck me: "Here I've been singing the song as I wrote it for weeks and weeks to everybody I know. Now they'll hear this distortion and naturally guess that the whole thing has been revised. I'll be laughed at for allowing my name to be signed to a lyric that someone else has written."

My blood boiled with anger. How dared they do such a thing without first consulting me?

"They've ruined my beautiful song," I thought. With fire in my eyes and murder in my heart, I started to tear up Fourteenth Street on a dead run for the Witmark offices. As I flew by the Union Square Hotel at Fifteenth Street a familiar voice called to me.

"Hey there, kid! What's your hurry; is the sheriff after you?"

I turned and recognized McCann, the parody writer who had kidded me so unmercifully about the song a few weeks before. An idea struck me. A new twist on the thing came in a flash. I quit running and turned back to speak to him.

"Hello, how are you, Mac? Glad to see you." I shook hands with him as I pulled up, puffing like a locomotive. In my heart I was sore on this fellow, but there was a method in my madness of the moment.

"Remember that song I sang to you a short time ago?" I asked in a friendly way.

"Remember it? I'll never forget it. I've been whistling it ever since. Wait now, I'll get it in a second." He started studying the sky, to find the tune.

"That's funny, it's slipped my mind for the second," he finally said. "Just start it for me. Go on, hum it once, will you?"

I was looking for something like this, but I held my temper.

"I've rewritten the whole thing," I said. "Would you mind listening to it?"

"You mean you'll sing it for nothing? No charge of any kind?"

"O, quit stringing, will you, Mac? I want your opinion."

"All right," he said, "but just sing it—just the words and music without any gestures. The motions take my mind off the story."

I TOOK this joke request good naturedly, whipped out the professional copy, and spread it open.

"O, you've had it published, eh?" He seemed surprised to see the printed sheet.

"Sure. Just out. I've done a lot of work on it, though, since you heard it. See if you think I've helped it any." And I began to sing the new version.

He appeared to become interested as I sang along. When I'd finished he said:

"Say, kid! Did you write that set of words or did your father write 'em? On the level, tell me the truth."

"Do you suppose I'd put my name on it if my father had written it?" And I pointed to the credit line under the title, "Words and music by George M. Cohan."

"Well, I've got to hand it to you, that's a real song now." His manner had changed entirely. "The other lyric you had was terrible; on the square it was awful."

"That was just the first draft," I explained. "Think I've helped it, eh?"

"Helped it?" and he burst into a laugh. "Listen kid," he went on, "I'm going to tell you a secret. I thought you were a 'hick,' but I want to say right now that anyone who can turn a comic song into a ballad is a smart guy. That thing sounds like a hit to me."

"It does, on the square?" I was half "sore" and half delighted.

"Yes, sir, you've got a good song there." He was sincere now, I could tell. "How far up town are you going?" he asked, as we started to move.

"To Thirty-fourth," I "stalled." I wasn't going anywhere in particular just then. I had decided to stay away from Witmark's for a while.

"I'll keep you company as far as Twenty-third," he said as we strolled along. It was the first time anyone of the Union Square crowd had voluntarily "joined out" with me, and I was proud as a peacock to think that I was receiving proper recognition at last.

I spent the next few days running around and singing the new version of "Nellie" to those who had heard the original, explaining that I had revised the thing completely. They all agreed that I had made it into an infinitely better song.

Little by little I came to realize that the new lyric was much more singable than mine. The sort of jingle that only an experienced and expert "word writer" could have done. I didn't admit this to the publishers, however. As a matter of fact, I never went near their offices. I didn't even acknowledge receipt of the advance copies they'd sent. I was too ashamed.

Over twenty years went by before I ever laid eyes on any of the Witmarks again, and when that time came it was my turn to do a little rewriting and revising. We'll come to that later on.

I have never learned to this day whether that first published song of mine was ever sung in public, or if a single copy ever actually sold, but I do know that my name as author and composer, appearing on a title page, gave

GEORGE M. COHAN, according to theatrical folk, is the best judge in the profession of what the public wants. If he is in doubt about the appeal of a bit of "business" or a "line" in a piece, he calls in an office boy, one of his friends he may happen to meet in the street, and a stenographer, and reads it to them. He doesn't ask what they think of it—he watches their reactions and KNOWS! He values the opinion of the average person who goes to a theater once a month above that of the critic. He writes plays, songs, and musical comedies for the average person, not for the critic.

me a certain standing with song writers and publishers. I became one of the regular "hangers-on" around several music houses, and was observing and alert enough to keep my eyes open and my ears cocked. My heart was set on being a popular song writer. I practiced verse writing night and day.

"The words must jingle, the words must jingle," I'd keep repeating over and over again.

I could play four chords on the piano in F sharp. I'd vamp these four chords and hum tunes to myself for hours at a time. I never got any farther than the four F sharp chords, by the way. I've used them ever since.

Inside of six months, during which I worked like a Trojan to improve my style of melody and learn how to jingle words in rhyme, no less than half a dozen manuscripts of mine had been accepted for publication.

I played no favorites with the publishers. I'd sell a song wherever I could get the price. The price was from ten to twenty-five dollars, according to the subject and merits of the thing. The paying of so much a copy as royalties was an exceptional arrangement in those days. The average song writer (comparatively few at the time) was usually pressed for ready cash and couldn't afford to gamble.

One of the songs I turned out that winter was a little fanciful ballad called "Venus, My Shining Love." I sold it for twenty-five dollars. Later on, when the song started to sell, the publisher made me a present of two hundred and fifty.

"You might write a better song than that some day," he remarked as he handed me the check, "but to tell you the truth, young fellow, I doubt it."

That was thirty years ago, and I know now what a good guess the publisher made. It's still the best song I ever wrote.

At this stage of the game I became a pretty busy kid. Besides turning out one or two songs a week for publication, I scribbled parodies and patter for comedians, comic songs and extra verses for serio comics, and even took a shot at a couple of afterpieces for burlesque shows. After a while I got to writing sketches for variety teams and orders came in so fast that I found it impossible to supply the demand. With parodies in every pocket and sketch manuscripts under my arm, I was soon the envy of all the pencil pushers in the variety branch of the theatrical game.

Finally, Lew Dockstader, who was the leading monologist of the day, engaged me to turn out the material for his new act, and my self-importance began to assert itself. I walked about town with all the airs and manners of a very superior person.

ONE rainy night, when the New York streets were more or less deserted, I trudged through the storm, juggling around in my mind the plot of a comedy sketch I was preparing. I couldn't concentrate unless I walked. I can't yet, for that matter.

Suddenly I looked up and discovered myself standing in front of the darkened auditorium of Keith's Union Square Theater. I smiled to myself.

"I wonder what all those 'wise-cracking' stage hands in there think now," I thought, "when they see these sketches of mine, and hear my name announced as the author and composer of all these songs? I've certainly made those guys ashamed of themselves, all right."

Josie Cohan in 1885.

Another chuckle of satisfaction, and I went back to my comedy plot and walked on in the direction of the boarding house. As I passed the savings bank at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth avenue, where I had eleven hundred dollars deposited in my own name, my thoughts switched back to the Keith stage hands, and I murmured to myself, "Union Square is mine—NOW FOR BROADWAY."

A FEW weeks later, out of a clear sky, Josie said to me, "Georgie, I don't think we're managing ourselves very well, and it's up to you and me to have a chat with Mother and Dad and decide just what our future is going to be."

"What do you mean, Sis?" I didn't quite follow her.

"Well, this is all very well," she continued, "this business of my doing the single dancing act (she, by now, had made an exceptional success and was in demand and playing every week) and the headway you've made with your songs and sketches has made us all very happy, but we've got to look to the future and make up our minds pretty soon whether we're going to stick together or not."

I asked her to be a little more explicit, so she continued.

"Well, I think we should make a stand right now, that unless these managers agree to accept the four act, we'll quit the variety business altogether and get Dad to put out the road show again."

This was an amazing stand for her to take, and about as unselfish a thought as a person could have. There was this little girl who had scored a big personal hit in New York's leading music halls, willing to make the big sacrifice of "going back to the sticks" in order to keep the family together. However, it was just like Josie. There never was anyone just like Josie.

I was anxious to get back behind the footlights, so naturally the suggestion appealed to me immediately. All the song and sketch writing in the world could never make me forget that I was a "trouper" first, last, and always, and in my heart of hearts I'd been hoping that something might happen to put me back in my dancing shoes.

I never dreamed, though, that Josie would ever be satisfied to throw aside the reputation she had made as a "single turn."

That afternoon the four of us talked the matter over, and Josie was so insistent and so convincing in her argument we finally decided that from that time on it was to be The Four Cohans or no Cohans at all, and Dad sent word to all the agencies to that effect. The following Saturday night Josie terminated her New York engagements and we sent an "ad" to *The Clipper*, announcing the reunion of the Four.

There wasn't any wild scramble on the part of the variety managers to book the act, however, as they still wanted Josie alone. The best we could do was to book a week at Zipp's Casino in Brooklyn.

"Zipp's" was nothing more than an old-fashioned beer hall that charged admission and offered four or five specialty turns to entertain the "lager" drinkers. We accepted this engagement with the hope that Hyde and Behman, the big Brooklyn managers, would drop in to see the act and engage us for their Adams Street Theater. It was the ambition of every variety act in those days to play Hyde and Behman's Adams Street Theater. In reply to a letter sent to them, asking if they would be kind enough to look us over with a view to future bookings, we received the following:

The Four Cohans,
Dear Sirs:
Your act would not interest us.
We note that you are appearing at Zipp's Casino.
Respectfully yours,
HYDE AND BEHMAN.

We didn't learn until then that the Hyde and Behman management had a set rule never to play an act that had appeared at any other Brooklyn variety house. We were broken hearted when we discovered this fact. We had foolishly, but innocently, made the mistake. It didn't turn out to be a fatal mistake, however, as you will learn later on.

During the week at Zipp's, old George Huber, the manager, who had heard about the letter we had received from Hyde and Behman, came to us and said, "I want you folks to understand that this house is yours to play in any week you happen to have open. Stay here next week if you care to, and the week after, too, if you like; stay here as long as you please, but whatever you do, don't go around worrying about Hyde and Behman. There's one house in Brooklyn that The Four Cohans can always play and you can tell Hyde and Behman I said so." This attitude of Huber healed the wound to some extent, and we took advantage of his offer and played there five or six weeks. The only other booking we received was for a single week's engagement in New Haven, where S. Z. Poli had just opened his first variety theater.

It took a brave man to train young George M. Cohan, because "Georgie" had ideas of his own and didn't mind expressing them. In the fifth installment, in next week's issue, Mr. Cohan tells how Gus Williams, a comedy star, tried to break him. Result: Fireworks. A yell of an installment! Don't miss it.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, the Famous Actress and Author, in Last Week's Issue of Liberty Began This Discussion of Courage as Related to the Sexes with an Article Entitled Courage—Masculine Gender?

"Unseen, Unsung! That Is the Difference Between Man's and Woman's Courage," She Found.

"His Is for the Limelight, Hers for the Hearthlight."

But She Did Not Finally Settle the Question of Which Has the Greater Valor—Man or Woman. Mr. Adams Now Takes Up the Discussion.

COURAGE—*Has It* SEX?

By RICHARD ADAMS

Pictures by GLEN A. MITCHELL

Courage is sexless—as sexless as a Turkish towel.

For every heroine you can name a hero. He who would dress courage in trousers and address it as Sir, is courting disastrous controversy.

Therefore consider the story of John and Mary Tanner, of the Brooklyn tailor and his wife and even supply your own female antidote for the stories of Lieutenant Lynch and the Baltimore letter carrier.

And what do you prove?

It is idle to limit the definitions of courage to the one you find on the battlefield. There are as many unsung Mollie Pitchers as there are unlaureled Marshal Neys, called by Napoleon "The Bravest of the Brave."

A man will be courageous before women when he'll shrink abjectly before men and vice versa.

And too often a man is looked upon as valiant when actually he is just shy a sense of humor.

At any rate courage is sexless.

IT MIGHT be just as well to understand at the outset that my personal answer to the the title of the article is "No."

It would seem meet and right, therefore, to say no more on the subject, but that is not the way such things are done. I have not, you may observe, denied that the male is more or less courageous than the female. Therefore partisans may not with fairness take my contention that courage has no more sex than a Turkish towel to mean that I, as one most seriously realizing that further concessions to women are to be fought with the savagery of the stag at bay, am deserting my class.

To the contrary, I submit that for every Edith Cavell the male gender may offer a John Alden; for each Florence Nightingale a John Tanner (of him I shall write later) and for every Grace Darling, Pocahontas, and Mollie Pitcher, the first man to eat the oyster.

I have no conscious intention to be facetious, but I do realize that one may not be too laborious in the defense of anything lest he be asked *why* the apparent perturbation, and suffer the penalties of protesting too much; in other words, I refuse heatedly to contend that men are superior in courage to women because I wish to avoid the attending inference that I have disturbing misgivings on the point.

Also there may be data with which I am not equipped. The cocksureness of Macaulay and Joie Ray is not in me. I am unhappiest when engaged in debate. Mine is the timid soul which would shrink from contradicting even Wilbur Glen Voliva lest he put me to rout with proof which I do not suspect him of having. All of which demonstrates that I lack courage or convictions or something. And so it goes. I can whirl myself dizzy on any topic.

For example, I have offered a John Tanner for a Florence Nightingale and almost instantly I remember John's wife, Mary.

Both sides may draw comfort from the story of the Tanners. Very humble, decent folk living near Chicago. There were three or four children, the oldest eight or ten. Tanner was a clerk in a railroad freight office. A young chap. Nothing impressive about either of them—while they lived.

Tanner wasn't working that day and he and Mary were going to see her mother. The road they had to take crossed a railroad which, two hundred yards north of the grade crossing, turned a sharp bend. The highway carried little traffic. The Tanners were afoot.

Mary Tanner's foot slipped into the slot between the steel rail and the planking of the crossing. And there it stuck. The gate tender and John tried to loosen the shoe. It didn't budge; Mary Tanner's foot was in a vise.

The signal that the express train was coming south sounded at the gate tender's kiosk. The two men wrenched at Mary's foot until she fainted in pain. She revived to see the locomotive round the curve. She shut her eyes and cried to John to leave her—to remember the children.

Possibly he didn't hear what she said. The locomotive's whistle was wailing. At any rate John told her that they'd gone this far together and they'd go on together. So he put his arms around her and she held him close. The heavy train didn't come to a halt until every car had passed over the grade crossing.

You can deduce what you wish from the

So he put his arms around her and she held him close.

story of Mary and John Tanner. The newspapers grew a little hysterical in their long accounts of it. But it rather discourages one who would say that courage or any of its attributes or component parts is a matter of sex, time, place, conditions, or hope of a possible reward.

John Tanner could justifiably have left his wife to die alone. His audience was the gateman. What the world said later was nothing to him.

But of course this is merely dodging the issue. The editors of Liberty asked me, first, to defend the contention that the male assays courage in larger quantities than the female and when I balked, pleading fear, they, being no surer than I about it, decided that it *might* be just as well if I set out to prove that at least women were not braver than men.

NOTHING is more natural than that one, seeking illustrations of courage, should go to the battlefield—and nothing produces falser values nor more misleading analogies. A man will do things under the spell of battle and in the face of the risks one takes when machine guns, rifles and artillery are doing their best to make a sector uninhabitable, that he wouldn't think of doing were he not in a soldier's uniform, his normal viewpoint out of focus and with hundreds like him engaged in the same occupation.

The vast majority of the deeds of heroism on the battlefield are the results of the courage of ignorance or hysteria or the self preservation reactions of the man who, finding himself in a tight place, subconsciously does the right thing when he might as readily have done the wrong thing, and comes out of the ghastly mess a hero. Not one in ten legitimate wearers of war bravery medals won his decorations as the reward of his own carefully planned coup.

IN the overwhelming majority of cases of war heroism the medals go to the man who hits first and hard enough. The defeated enemy might have shown a vastly greater courage, but the medals for the hero usually go to him who survives. What we call courage in war is largely a matter of morale.

Yet there was the example of Lieutenant Lynch. The war was over and the American troops were being carried home from Brest and St. Nazaire, which ports were fed through Le Mans. It was quite natural that the presence in Le Mans of ten or twenty thousand troops at one time should have an appreciable effect upon the moral tone of the city.

There was one section of the town which had fewer moral qualms than any other, and therein there were frequent departures from what is considered conventional conduct. There was one café which was just a little less given to the nicer things of life than its riotous neighbors and in it one night a fight of major proportions came to pass.

A number of Frenchmen, somewhat resentful because the American doughboy was uppermost (at the moment) in the minds of the emancipated women of Le Mans, found it to their liking to utter loud and disparaging remarks about Yankees. At any rate a magnificent battle was in progress when Lieutenant Lynch came abreast the doors of the Louis d'Or and, as he paused, considering whether he should ask the embroiled lads to murder each other less noisily, the lights in the café went out and shooting began.

It is the writer's firm belief that had he been Lieutenant Lynch at that unsavory moment, he would have decided that the outskirts of Le Mans were loudly calling, and he would have obeyed the call.

But Lynch, unarmed and unafraid, walked into the lightless Louis d'Or and yelled "*Attention!*" The shooting at the moment was general. It stopped with the suddenness of a motor car hitting a prison wall.

"Turn on the lights," barked Lynch. Somebody turned on the lights. And there, in the middle of the café stood Lieutenant Lynch—five feet four inches of him. Four men were lying awkwardly on the floor.

"For your own sakes," said Lieutenant Lynch mildly, "you're all under arrest."

And then he went to the door and gently told the military police that it was all right for them to come in.

HOWEVER, the man or woman who sets forth to isolate the germ of courage and determine its proprietors, must inevitably come to the conclusion that courage which grips you, which involuntarily makes you bow and feel respectful, is as unwarlike as it is sexless. We are gradually moving into an age where false values no longer glorify the means of Gonsalvo of Cordova, the Chevalier Bayard, Marshal Saxe, the Great Condé, or even Napoleon.

Warriors from Gideon and Joshua down to Grant and Pershing might well present arms as John Tanner passes by.

True courage is not necessarily ponderous. It need not urge tears nor inspire any of the more profound sentiments. To the Shakespearean advice that it's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion, one may readily reply that the flea is not, after all, a creature of broad learning and that its bravery

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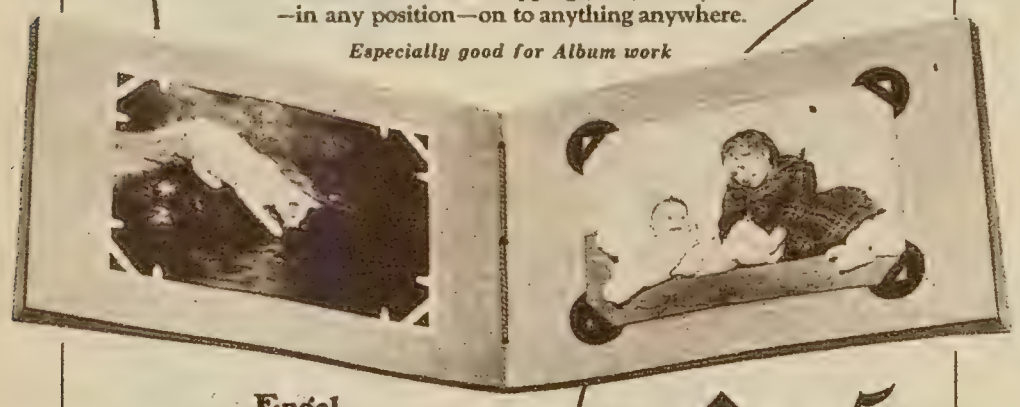

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in this case is merely an illustration of the courage of ignorance. It simply happens that a flea will feed where it listeth, be it on the leonine lip or the military spine.

To men, of course, must be conceded the courage of the political spellbinder and the candidate for high political office. It seems to me that it takes vast courage to mount a platform and seriously assure a large audience that your natural concern for the best interests of the country makes it necessary for you to seek the post you are running for, and that no true patriot will vote for your opponent. Or perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps it isn't courage after all—merely the absence of a sense of humor.

Due to the overflowings of the sentimentalists, true courage has been distorted. We canonize the hero who says "Yes" and lose sight of the greater hero who says "No" and sticks to it. Heroism is visited upon him or her who "does" and is withheld from those who, with infinitely greater courage, "do not."

Doctors will tell you that a woman facing possible death on the operating table displays greater fortitude than a man. And a man will surrender the laurel when you bring up the subject of childbirth. But it is not a stony, dogged, stoical courage which supports a woman in such travail.

That which the woman endures when giving birth to her babies is softened by her natural yearning to go through any agony for the sake of the after ectasy of holding *her own* baby to her breast. Would a woman willingly suffer the same pain—invite it, hope for it, live for it—if she were not sanguine of so great a reward?

And while it is quite true that a man's courage is often a gesture made hopeful that it will call attention to the superiority of his sex, it is no less the truth that pride tinctured with unconscious jealousy will inspire a woman to a retaliatory similar gesture.

THE courage a woman will display when the source of danger is represented by men is in no wise measurable with the bravery required of her if the menace be other women. For example, your newspaper or your friend will assure you that Mrs. Smith is an extraordinarily brave, courageous woman because only today she walked into a "soft drink" parlor and ordered a number of drinking and perhaps drunken men to disperse.

It doesn't matter whether they dispersed or not, Mrs. Smith gave them fits right there in that low dive. Did any *man* do it? Not on your life! Had Mr. Smith gone into that bestial resort, the rowdies would have seized him by his clothing and hurled him thence with great éclat and to the serious detriment of Mr. Smith's person and spirit. Men do not, as a rule, accord to women the same summary treatment they dole out to men—not because the inclination is not there, but simply because we are creatures of habit and custom and the human race is many centuries old.

But will woman be as bold, as courageous, if called upon to wear last year's frock and bonnet to a tea at the Ritz-Carlton?

Lest I be accused of deserting my original premise and dress courage in skirts or trousers, I leave off questioning. Also I abandon further raids upon the stores of examples of that courage which may be set down as purely physical.

For me there is less inspiration in Suetonius': "Hail, Caesar, we who are about to die salute thee," than in the simple, choked words of the Brooklyn tailor who told the court that the prisoner, his only son, had confessed to him that he had murdered the man:

"He is my only son and I love him. Upon my knees I have asked for advice and the Lord leadeth me."

But let us tell the whole story. The boy was condemned to death. Newspaper reporters called upon the mother. At least one of them wept with her when she said:

"No woman is as proud of her husband as I am."

THEN there was that letter carrier in Baltimore who discovered his son in the act of robbing a store. He went to the police and confessed that *he* had committed the burglary. Later the son was caught. He admitted that *he* was the burglar.

"The boy's mother and me ain't been living together for ten years," the letter carrier explained. "I don't blame her much for leaving me. I led her a hell of a life and I thought that she'd had trouble enough without having to cry over Joe, so I just said it was me who done it."

And we measure courage by sword lengths!

Or *is* that courage? Am I quite off the track? Am I, too, one of those who blur the real definition of courage with sentimentality?

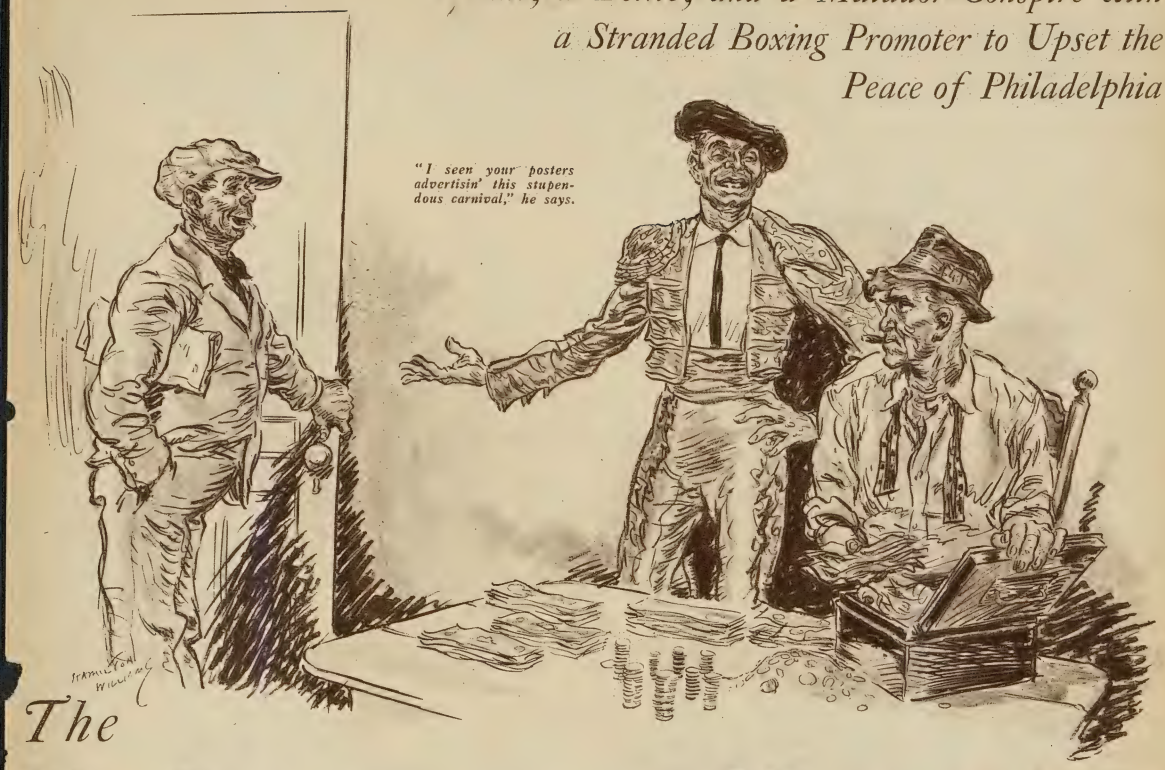
Courage, still sexless, is a mocker.

There were three gates to Busyrane—the outer, the inner, and the innermost. Over the outer were the words, "Be Bold." At the top of the second gate was the motto, "Be Bold and Evermore Be Bold." On the innermost gate was the injunction, "Be Not Too Bold."

Be you man or woman, take stock of your past and honestly consider if there has ever been crisis-born courage in your life which would have sustained you past that third gate.

THE END

A Bull, a Bottle, and a Matador Conspire with a Stranded Boxing Promoter to Upset the Peace of Philadelphia



"I seen your posters advertisin' this stupendous carnival," he says.

The Señor *Roams with* Rooney

A SHORT STORY

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pictures by HAMILTON WILLIAMS

"A VERY satisfyin' yarn," said Mr. Rooney—Roamin' Rooney of Nome and points South, the noblest roamer of them all. "A fillin' tale turnin' out exactly right with the bull leavin' the ring the winner and Spanish fellers clutterin' up the landscape with their remains."

"There ought to be a law or something against it," objected The Plumber. "If I was runnin' things I'd tell 'em either they lay off this bull fightin' and act civilized like the rest of us or——"

"I'd have another law against dumb ignorance," interrupted Mr. Rooney. "Readin', if you can do it, never did no man harm. I'd 'a' read this yarn to you, Plumber, and then you'd understood my enthusiasm. Instead, you'll have to wait now until someone else takes you into the author's confidence by readin' aloud; and when he does, Plumber, you listen."

"O, I can read," scoffed The Plumber. "I remember readin' that the judge says last year that you're a professional bum and that he's sorry that three months was all he could hand you."

"Before it starts," said Free Ride McManus, manager of the Hotel Uncle Sam, in the lobby of which Mr. Rooney and The Plumber were upon the verge of becoming embroiled, "both youse gents can take the air."

"I was only sayin'," began Roamin' Rooney, laying down the magazine, "that——"

"Who," demanded Mr. McManus, "ast you to say it again? What *I* was sayin' is *important.*"

"I'm a guest at this here hotel," protested The Plumber.

"No more you ain't," decreed Mr. McManus. "And I'm a guy with plenty to do without throwin' bums outa here. Here," to The Plumber, "is your four bits. Take it and blow, and don't come back."

"I been comin' here for years," whined The Plumber.

"It's time you changed your habits," declared Mr. McManus, taking The Plumber by the suspenders and heaving doorward.

There was a brief scramble, a rip, a roar, a few grunts, and Mr. McManus reëntered the Hotel Uncle Sam briskly, clashing palm on palm as if to be rid of The Plumber's dust, and, advancing toward the still calmly seated Mr. Rooney, said:

"Now that I find I'm still pretty good at it, I'll see how far I can bounce you, Roamin'."

"Before you start," said Mr. Rooney quietly, "be warned! Men have tried it from Nome to Seattle and as far south as Mexico City. Efforts to give me the air have been made by earnest gents from Frisco to Mulberry Bend, where you and me now face each other. I've been cast forth *ad lib*, as the feller says, but always I've bounced back landin' plumb on to the caster."

"Let's see," replied Free Ride, laying violent hold upon Mr. Rooney.

"Let's go," amended Mr. Rooney.

WHEN the police arrived Messrs. Rooney and McManus were still in the center of the tiny lobby of the Uncle Sam. The cigar case and the cash register on the pine and marble counter from behind which Mr. McManus was wont to administer the affairs of the hotel had been reduced to total disability and were in fragments on the stone floor.

The counter itself was resting drunkenly

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against the wall. There was an air about the place suggestive of the immediate aftermath of the prettiest girl contest at a Polish picnic.

All of the guests, save Bo Galwicks, had fled and Bo had slept soundly through it all. Bo was snoring mightily in his chair near the door when the police appeared, and the latter, just to limber up, had hurled him out where, on the curb, he continued to sleep.

The officers pried Mr. Rooney from the slowly succumbing Mr. McManus, who, after tweaking his nose by way of inspection, gingerly touching his closed eye and making trial balances on each leg as if anxious to know the whole truth, said:

"I have no complaint to make."

"Were you not attacked?" demanded the sergeant.

"I was not," replied Mr. McManus. "I was merely mistaken."

"As I was saying before we were interrupted and now that the rough element has departed," said Roamin' Rooney, stretching himself out luxuriously in a chair fetched from an upper floor, "it is a satisfyin' tale when you read that the bull is the victor and the toreadors and the matadors and the picadors are hauled off for repairs if worth while. Bullfightin' is a brutal sport otherwise."

"You've traveled a lot," said Free Ride McManus. "Have you seen a bullfight?"

"Not only seen many of them, but once I managed a bullfighter and put on a fight."

"Where?"

"Philadelphia. Would you like to hear about it?"

"If you please, Mr. Rooney. Did you ever bust a bull yourself?"

"I did not, but in my earlier days I was at one time and another the heavyweight wrestling and boxing champion of the Barbary States, Portugal, Brazil, the Azores, and the Danish West Indies, not to mention a promoter of prize fightin' rackets in various parts of the world."

"You was a grand champion if you was better then than today," said Mr. McManus, who was pressing a chunk of ice to his defunct eye.

"But as for bull fightin'," resumed Mr. Rooney, selecting a cigar from the wreckage of the lobby, "I'm agin that. It's too rough, and besides it is seldom that the bull gets a fifty-fifty break."

The smoke from his cigar was wafted ceilingward and Roamin' Rooney watched it lazily.

"If you'll just turn your head this way, I'll spin you the yarn of the bullfight in the City of Brotherly Love."

* * * * * * *

Some years ago, having won the heavyweight championship of Venezuela by flattening Don Miguel Comigo, the Lion of the Llanos, in two rounds, I decided to leave them parts with neatness and dispatch.

I WON'T go into the details surroundin' the squabble inasmuch as I never knew that Buster Butler, my pardner and second, had put iron filin's into my gloves until I put up my hands for the millin'.

But Buster Butler and me takes the first boat, one which is a sheep steamer, for New Orleans—not that we couldn't travel first class on the purse. But the sheep steamer was the first one leavin' that night after the bout, and the Buster and me just makes it. We fool around New Orleans until all the bookmakers laugh themselves sick and Buster gets six months for making merry with automatic fire alarm devices here and there under the influence of fiery liquor.

Then, after some wanderin', I come to a halt in Philadelphia along with everything else, where with what remains of the treasury of Venezuela I set up an office offering all and sundry to promote anything from a centennial show to a fight not fixed too much for popular consumption. But business is bad, after which it gets worse, gradually becomin' criminal, and I'm sittin' homely one afternoon when in comes the *señor*. At first I was for makin' some dirty crack tellin' him I didn't hear his hand organ in the first place and wasn't going to slip him nothin' even if I had heard it, but I wasn't in the pink, as the sportin' editors say, and this *señor* is six feet six and built like the city hall.

"Maybe," says I, "you'll find him on the other side of the hall."

"Who?" says he in elegant English.

"The feller you want to see," says I, takin' for granted from habit that nobody wants to see me.

"Ain't you Señor Rooney?" he asks.

"Where do you come from, Caracas?" asks I, not admittin' nothin' and stallin' for time.

"I am Hoya y Torila," says he, pullin' out a large inflamed poster and exhibitin' same to me.

I read on that passionate announcement that Señor Hoya y Torila is little less than uncanny as a fighter of the bull. It informs me, Mr. McManus, that the soil of Spain is practically undermined from north to south with the bulls killed and buried by Hoya y Torila.

AND from what Hoya y Torila tells me, the King of Spain and a committee of leadin' Senators has ast him to take a trip for a year or two so's the remainin' cattle can grow up.

The *señor* tells me that it has got so that

"I don't know what was in that bottle; I can't even guess."

"Were you not attacked?" demanded the sergeant. "I was not," replied Mr. McManus. "I was merely mistaken."

the Spaniards used to turn in a herd of heifers on him bein' there wasn't no full grown bull worth fightin' in the country, which lamentable condition, he tells me, is due entirely to his own ability as a one-man slaughter house.

"Well," says I, when the *señor* stops for a moment, "what do you expect me to do about it? Play I'm a bull or something? Let's hear how to do it. I'm for eatin', and if there's vittles in this, count on me. Shoot!"

"It is simple, and if food is to be had I oughta eat heavy," says the *señor*.

"Don't stop 'til you're through explainin'," says I. "Shoot again. Eat's your point."

"Can it be more simple?" says he, knittin' his Castilian brows. "I fight the bull under your management."

"My goodness!" I groans, "I knew there was some ketch in it. Here I sit attendin' to no business whatsoever and the first guy to come into my office in two weeks is a nut. Stand up, you Spanish inquisition, and see if you and me can mix up a little fisticuffs, because I'm in the humor."

"I guess I was mistaken," says the *señor*. "I have not come here to fight, but to arrange for to give Americans an exhibition of bull fightin', which is my trade."

"Your error," says I, seein' that the *señor* isn't lookin' for a sock in the jaw. "They don't allow no bullfightin' in America, so you and me can't do no business."

"Have you ever heard of bull wrestling?" says he.

"I have," retorts I. "Bulldoggin' we calls it. Is that your game?"

"Partly," says he, "bulldoggin' and bull dodgin'. Nothin' like what I do with a bull has ever happened nowhere. I dodge 'em until they are tired, when I dog 'em."

"Set down, sir," says I, feelin' humble, "and forgive a hungry man for bein' a leetle desprit. Maybe you and me can make faces at the United States Mint in a week or so."

SO, Mr. McManus, this *señor* explains at total length. What he aims to do is to hire him a hall and amaze the populace at prices ranging from fifty cents to a buck a head with his dextrous handling of an irritated longhorn.

He tells me that he's no business man, which is why he applies to me who, although he don't know it, ain't none either, not havin' no practice at it for so long. He's to get out in the ring with the cow and wave a red shirt in its face and stick out his Spanish tongue at it until the bull makes up his mind to remove him from the population.

Then comes the pretty work. The *señor* stands pat until the bull is about to take him apart when he leaps over the animal's back, landin' lightly on his trained toes. The bull attacks again, which gives the *señor* another chance to play leap frog with the animal, and this goes on until the bull is convinced, when the *señor* is to take the beast by the horns and flops it over on to its side, which is the end of the show, with red lights markin' the nearest exits.

"*Señor*," says I, "you and me are about to launch forth upon a career of crime. In a month from now, unless we are pinched for violatin' some new amendment, you and me will be playin' checkers with Henry Ford for a million a checker. Bankers, clear out your safe deposit vaults, the *señor* and me's on our way."

"For advertisin' we might use my own posters," says the *señor*, unrollin' another roll which contains pictures of the *señor* carvin' steaks off a live herd.

"We can't get away with them pictures of what happened to the enemies of Lenin and Trotzky," says I, shudderin' at the red, green, and yellow carnage.

"No," says the *señor*, "maybe we can't, but they'll get the town to talkin' whilst we get out the real ones."

"Was you any relation to a guy named Barnum?" I asks humble again before such genius.

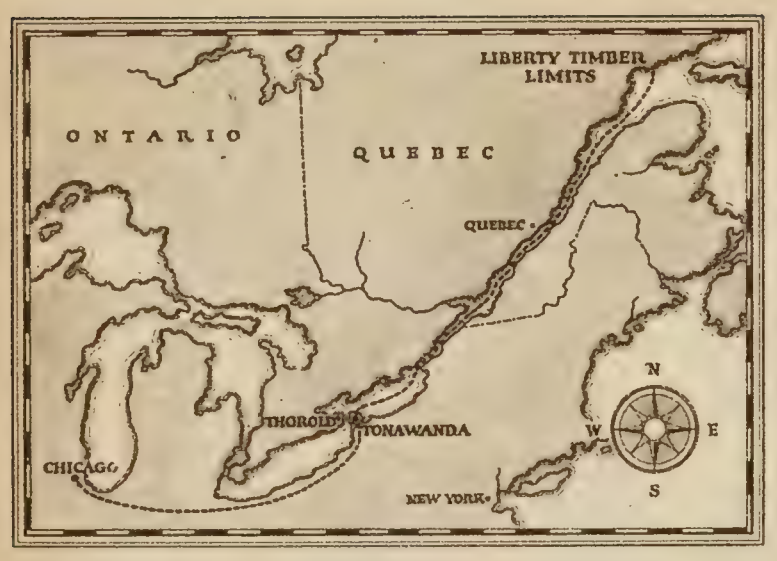
Well, Mr. McManus, the followin' day the police pays me a visit. One of them has one of the *señor's* barbecue advertisements in his hand and points to the places where I and the *señor* wrote in that the furor would take place at a date and place to be announced later. The *señor's* posters were made up like that, with blank spaces at the bottom for printin' or writin'.

"What's the idea?" asks the cop.

"It's plain to me," says I.

"It's plain to *me*," says he, "so get this fixed in your nut: They ain't going to be no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]



The material that went into this copy of Liberty traveled from the timber lands to the paper mills at Thorold and Tonawanda, from the mills to the press rooms—many thousands of miles en route to you!

Liberty's Empire of Production

I—The Pulpwood Forests

THIS magazine, not so long ago, was the heart of a tree in the heart of a wilderness!

Hundreds of miles north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the publishers of Liberty own more than three thousand square miles of timber lands whence comes the pulpwood from which paper is made. Hundreds of men guide the logs down foaming rapids. Eleven steel freighters ply the St. Lawrence to bring the logs to the paper mills—owned by the publishers of Liberty—where more than fifty thousand tons of paper are produced yearly. Twelve thousand freight cars are utilized each year to carry the paper to the printing presses.

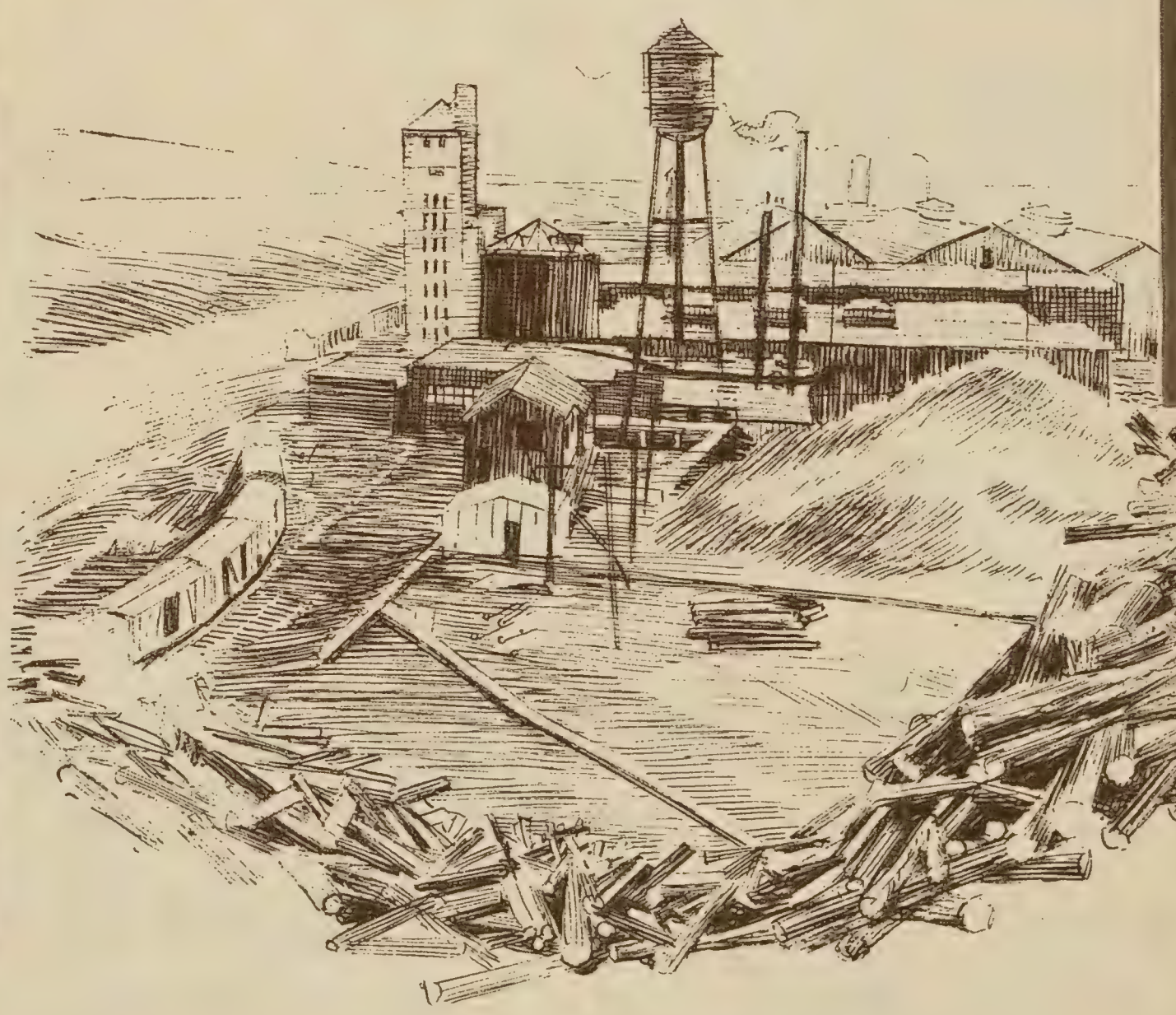
Into Liberty's great paper mills go hundreds of thousands of electric horse power, millions of gallons of water, trainloads of coal, steamers full of logs, cars of limestone and sulphur and clay—and out of the mills streams the paper.

The publishers of Liberty control an empire of production. Its paper supply is assured for centuries to come. Liberty is among those present—from now ON!

Poplar and spruce are the woods used in the manufacture of Liberty's paper. Vast tracts of both are owned by Liberty.

One of the eleven steel freighters which ply the St. Lawrence river carrying logs and supplies between timber lands and paper mills.

Liberty's paper mill at Tonawanda, N. Y. At the right is sketched the mill at Thorold, Ont., also owned by the publishers of Liberty, where part of Liberty's paper is made.



Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

600,000 CIRCULATION NOW — 700,000 BY DECEMBER 31st.

A Million in 1925!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

such operations on no live bull here in Philadelphia, so this is off."

"Why, sergeant!" I exclaims, "can't you take a joke?"

"When I want a joke I make it myself," says he. "Everybody in town is complainin', and the cruelty society's clutterin' up the mayor's office. All you gotta do is to take all them signs of riotin' down, and mebby it is best that you live in some other town for fifty or sixty years."

So me and the *señor* hire a cab with his jack and we take down all the offendin' literature, substitutin' nice bills to the effect that no gent can feel scary about takin' his lady friend to Risin' Sun Hall on the followin' Saturday afternoon to behold Hoya y Torila make a sucker of a bull.

I make a dicker with the guy who runs Risin' Sun Hall, which is a deserted car barn, with wood benches on all four sides for the spectators to sit on whenever possible. I borrow a century note from Henry Burns, the fight manager, half of which goes for a deposit on the Risin' Sun and the rest goes for sawdust and first installment to the printer for tickets and poster bills.

Then, Mr. McManus, it bein' Friday, I goes and hides awaitin' the outcome of the next day, which I figures will be Saturday, notwithstandin' the luck I been runnin' in.

The show, Mr. McManus, is billed for two in the afternoon, and at half past twelve I arrive on the site of the promised encounter between the *señor* and the bull. The streets is crowded. Traffic is outa luck. On all sides of the Risin' Sun the populace is millin' around, with here and there cops tryin' to look as if they know what to do.

"Good gracious," says I, "the cops won't let 'em in. Something happened to my show. Here's ten thousand suckers yearnin' to shower down, which any sucker's got the right to do, and nobody holdin' out a hat."

I figure that this is my cue to grab the nearest rattler bound toward the horizon and stick to it to the end of the line, but suddenly I remembers that I never desert no friend in distress, and maybe the *señor* is in the Risin' Sun needin' the soothin' words of his manager.

•

SO I push my way through the crowd and look into the Risin' Sun. Merciful goodness, Mr. McManus, I almost does a flop when I see that the place is packed and the ten thousand in the streets is merely the overflow. The cops has closed the doors and are going about tellin' the disappointed suckers that they has to try again if they is any again, because they ain't no more room inside.

I squeeze in and find the *señor* sittin' in his dressin' room all got up like openin' day at Coney Island.

"It's an hour before we commence," says I. "Who took the money at the gate?"

"Me," says the *señor* with becoming pride. "Me and Ricardo, your assistant."

"Lissen, *señor*," says I, gettin' wise to somethin' rotten, but not knowin' what. "I ain't got no more assistant than the Sahara Desert. Where's the jack?"

"I'm sittin' on it, Señor Rooney," says he. "Two thousand screams, as you say."

And I look and see that the *señor* is sittin' on a box full of dough.

"Whilst I'm countin' it," says I to him, "slip me about this Ricardo bozo and who gives him the job of being friends."

As I'm countin' the income the door opens and Ricardo appears. He is Mr. Richard Shallihan, known to me as Pig Iron Shallihan. After satisfactory greetin's, durin' which nothing is said by me about the seven bucks that's missin' from my person the mornin' after Pig Iron and me bunked together in Moorhead, Minnesota, he explains his presence.

"I seen your posters advertisin' this stupendous carnival," says he, "and it occurs to me that this is as good a time as any to meet up with my dear comrade, Roamin' Rooney. So I calls and, findin' you missin' and the onion here facin' difficulties, I helps him take the jack and seat the populace. I'm workin' in Philly."

"So I see," says I, wonderin' how much more the *señor* and I'd have if Pig Iron wasn't equipped with pockets.

"I'm workin' in the stockyards out a piece," goes on Pig Iron.

"Hope you didn't find this here job no easier," returned I. "What do they let you do in these stockyards?"

"I holds the cows while a big bohunk socks 'em," says he.

"Which reminds me," says I, havin' finished addin' up the sudden fortune, "that we might as well be startin', even if we are a hour early. Hand the suckers what's comin' to 'em and let's go before they begin thinkin', which is bad for the show business," says I.

"I'm ready," says the *señor*, "whenever the bull arrives. Don't you think, Señor Rooney, that you oughta have brung him with you?"

* * * * * * *

MR. ROONEY paused to dig among the wreckage for another cigar. A prospective guest entered the hotel door and asked Mr. McManus if there was a two-bit flop to be had.

"Let's see your two-bits," demanded Mr. McManus. He inspected the coin.

"Go on upstairs and take what you can get," said he. "And remember the rules of this hotel, which are that any arguin' to be done will be done by me—and my friend, Mr. Rooney, here. We're undergoin' repairs."

"Go on with your interestin' story, Roamin'," said Free Ride.

* * * * * * *

Mr. McManus, sir, I tell you honestly, you could have knocked me down with a feather, as the guy says, when this *señor* tells me we ain't got no bull.

"My goodness, *señor*," says I, "do I have to furnish the animal? Don't you carry no bulls with you?"

"Did you ever see a bull, Señor Rooney?" he comes back.

"*Señor*," says I, "let's you and me see how much space you and me can put between us and this city in an hour when this show is due to commence. Bein' a man of experience I see difficulties facin' us. Out here we got four thousand fish waitin' to see the bull fightin', and in the streets we got ten thousand more yearnin' for a place on the sucker list. *Señor*, let's you and me explore the outlyin' regions."

"Just a minute, Mr. Roamin' Rooney," cuts in Pig Iron Shallihan. "I got words to deliver. They ain't no call for you to be oneasy about no bull. Let you and your Orient here say it, and I'll beat it out to the stockyards and fetch you a cow."

"Pig Iron," cry I, "you are aces. Don't let nothin' detain you and the bull. Can you have the beast here in twenty minutes?"

"I can't," says Pig Iron. "Also, don't push. I ain't through speakin'. It's like this: I ain't aimin' to spend much more time in this burg, and a third split of them proceeds which I help take at the gate wouldn't offend me none."

"Ain't you satisfied with what you didn't turn in?" I hollers.

"All right, Mr. Roamin' Rooney," says Pig Iron. "You ain't got no more bull than Little Red Ridin' Hood, has you? Also, it ain't goin' to help you none was I to announce to this gatherin' of flounders that they ain't got no more chance of seein' a bull fight than you and this bandana handkerchief has of makin' a clean getaway with the jack if they's quick and rough.

"Also," goes on this Pig Iron Shallihan, "the cops don't send no guy to the hospital in this here burg until he's served his term in the brig. If the victim of the mob dies in the hoose-gow that's his lookout. That's my speech; now it's up to you to applaud or hiss, only be sure to hiss good, because it's your last hiss for some days, if ever."

Well, Mr. McManus, you can see for yourself they wasn't nothin' else to do but to let Pig Iron in on the haul and send him for the steer, which he promises to have in less than half a hour. And he makes good. He and the super at one of the pens is feller criminals, Mr. McManus, and gettin' a bull is like askin' for a match. The super don't own the bull anyway.

FIFTEEN minutes before the show is to start, Pig Iron and two of his stockyards playmates appears with the animal. They don't have no trouble gettin' the little feller into the back door of the Risin' Sun, bein' that the cops has cleared the streets. And believe me, Mr. McManus, I never seen no more no-use steer in all my career. It was one of those givin' away steers as wouldn't be missed anyway.

It looks to me as if it has the sleepin' sickness or somethin'. Pig Iron is leadin' it or rather haulin' it by the rope whilst his two feller yeggs is applyin' themselves industrious to the rear of the critter. They divided their time between pushin' and bad language. The bull is willin' enough to leave them stockyards provided he is carried out, but not no ways else.

However, the boys lands the bull in the dressin' room fifteen minutes before the time for *señor* and it to take the ring. Now, accordin' to the *señor's* suggestion I had the guy runnin' the Risin' Sun set up a few planks leadin' from the trapdoor in the ceilin' at one end of the hall to the ring, and the idea was to open the trapdoor and shove the animal out through the openin' so's he'd slide down the chute into the presence of his comin' conqueror.

Well, me and Pig Iron and his two assistant bandits and the *señor* surrounds the frowsy beast and by main strength we crowd it up the stairs from the dressin' room into the loft whence we coax it with food and curses, but no violence, to the edge of the trapdoor.

Only once or twice or maybe three times does the bull take any interest in the proceedin's. Once it is to lift its right hind hoof and make a two bagger outa me down them steps. Another time it takes a likin' to Pig Iron's foot, campin' on it for a brief but painful period durin' which the language used by Pig Iron is unsanitary.

On another occasion, as I remember it, Mr. McManus, he relieves one of Pig Iron's confederates of the seat of his pants, practically abolishin' 'em, and in another moment of interest the animal horns the other stockyards child painful but not fatal.

But, finally, as the guy says, we get the brute at the trapdoor, where it lays itself down to meditate and rest.

And the *señor* takes the ring.

The crowd havin' set there for two hours

"The senor was vaulting for his life. There wasn't no kid about this show."

renders a cheer which I don't blame them for, because this *señor* was somethin' to clap the eyes on—as big as Jess Willard when Jess is on his feet and, as I say, all dressed up like a spiggoty holiday.

The *señor* has in his left duke a red silk shawl and in the other hand he has a pole. He has his head decorated with a hat that looks like a closed concertina and one of them see-more jackets is drapin' his big shoulders. He's got on knee pants and silk stockin's and slippers. In fact, the *señor* is all set for the excitement.

Mr. McManus, that *señor* was a born showman. He dances around the ring, bowin' to the ladies and kissin' his hand. He makes a speech in his native tongue, although, as I say, he could talk as good English as you or me. But the suckers takes it like you and me take to each other; they loves it. They don't care what the *señor* is sayin' so long as he says it often, which he does.

And then, havin' told 'em all about it, the *señor* takes his stand at the bottom of the chute and hollers in Spanish that he's ready to receive callers from above.

He begins wavin' the red shawl, and the suckers get set for the splash whilst the cops spit on their hands and take a fresh grip on their clubs.

I yanks open the trapdoor as agreed, bein' up in the loft with Pig Iron and his united burglars and the bull, and Pig Iron gives the animal's tail a twist. . . . . .

Roamin' Rooney paused again to relight his cigar. He shook his head dolefully and Mr. McManus urged him on.

"I don't know," said Mr. McManus, "when I was ever so glad to hear speakin' on the part of a guest, Mr. Rooney. Wait until I lock the door so's we won't be interrupted by no more customers. Continue."

Then Mr. Rooney resumed.

The bull refuses to get up. It sorta hunches forward until its head is over the edge of the trapdoor openin' when it utters a loud protestin' beller at havin' its nap disturbed. The ferocious brute opens its eyes and looks down at the great army of suckers who has paid cash to see it bounced by the *señor*, who is still standin' at the bottom of the chute wavin' his red shawl.

The bull looks all around with his head hangin' over the openin' and hollers again sorta friendly. Then it rests its chops on the edge of the big hole at the top of the chute and closes its eyes peaceful once more with Pig Iron and me and the two pretty boys from the bull pens strainin' ourselfs to skid it down the planks.

"Roll it down!" hollers a guy in the crowd. "Don't let no bull escape!"

"Put rollers under it!" howls another customer.

"Handle it like a trunk, end over end!" advises another shad.

"Haul his head around here," whispers Pig Iron Shallihan to me. "I'll put pep into her."

Well, Mr. McManus, sir, I lifts the beast's head so's its mouth is out of sight of the customers, and Pig Iron takes from his pocket a bottle of somethin' which he promptly pours into the savage monster's gullet. I don't know what it was in that bottle; I can't even guess.

The bull opens its eyes, snorts five or six times, rises, and stamps its feet, ruinin' my one remainin' good arch with a stamp, and lets go with a beller that has the audience slippin' off the benches.

THE bull hits the chute with all four hoofs and lands in the ring with tail up and horns at present. The *señor* dodged just in time. The bull repeats with five or six yells, and after carefully lookin' over the crowd, pickin' a soft spot, makes a trial plunge. And here, Mr. McManus, is where the *señor's* art comes in good.

I'll say for the *señor* that he was all he said he was and mebby more. The bull, under the influence of Pig Iron's hootch, made a bee-line for the bleachers. Everybody rises to the feet prepared to indulge in the impendin' panic, and the cops does their best to hasten the horror by runnin' up and down shoutin' conflictin' orders.

A big bozo starts to trample all the women and children in sight, and one of his male neighbors socks him where he has shaved last, layin' him out neat and savin' the day.

But they wasn't no trouble. The *señor* comin' up from behind leaps over the bull, clippin' it with his pole and landin' on his feet in front of the aroused monster, distractin' its attention to hisself and runnin' backward with the bull in full cry, as the feller says.

For thirty minutes, Mr. McManus, that bull and the *señor* does a game of tag, with the *señor* always missin' bein' it by a skeleton of an inch. For the first fifteen minutes I don't detect no slowin' down on the part of the bull, and I hollers to Pig Iron:

"How long does the effects of that liquid barb wire you fed Hector there last?"

"He can't last much longer," hollers back Pig Iron, but I see he's nervous. "I got another pocketful of it. Want some?"

"No, but I'd like to slip the *señor* a shot of it," I says.

But I do take a pull at the stuff, and immedi-

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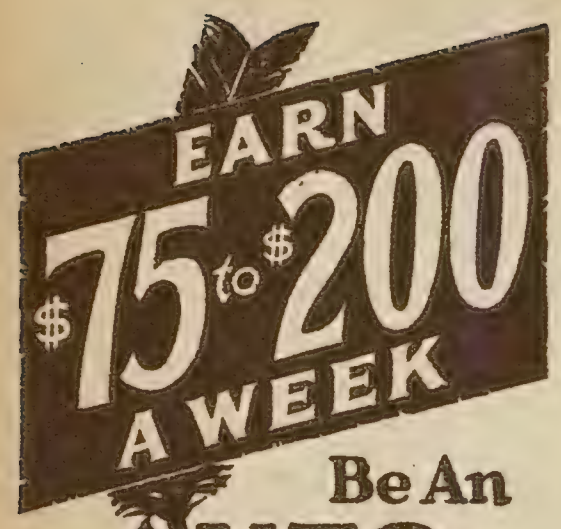

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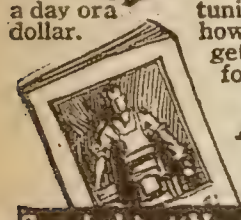

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ate my sympathies are for Hector, the bull, bein' I get to feelin' like I'd get into the catastrophe myself. Also I start runnin' around the ring.

Wow, Mr. McManus, that was likker!

Of course, the Risin' Sun was in a spasm. Nobody was speakin' lower than a loud cry for help, and everybody was participatin' in the noise.

The *señor* was dodgin' and vaultin' and leapin'. He must have jumped over that bull a hundred and twenty-seven times or so, and he didn't need no red flag to keep the bull a-plungin'.

He'd lost his cruller of a hat and his red shawl and one of his slippers had deserted him. The *señor* was vaultin' for his life. There wasn't no kid about this show.

"Hey, youse!" hollers a cop sergeant to me as I pause in my haste around the outside of the ring, "you gotta stop this. This can't go on. Somebody's going to be injured."

"Tell it to the bull!" I bellers and was on my way again, not goin' anywheres especial, but just movin' to keep Pig Iron's hell soup from burnin' all in one spot inside me.

At the end of a half a hour, Mr. McManus, the bull begins to go dead. The hooch is losin' its urge, as the guy says, and Hector begins to pipe down. Five minutes more and Hector's slowed down to a gallop and I begins to see hope ahead.

Little by little the infuriated animal loses its murderous intent, which is fine, because the *señor* is showin' distress signals, and by this time has shed his see-more and the other slipper.

And then, all at once, Hector quits. He looks around at the crowd, which long ago has forgot all about such things as benches and is standin' on each other and racin' around the ring.

He looks at the mob, Mr. McManus, lets go a few extra loud howls, and looks around the sawdust for a good soft place to sleep.

The *señor* observes that the bull is ready to hit the hay, and he does his stuff. He grabs Hector by the horns and heaves. Hector grins a little and begins to waver. Suddenly Hector sees a good restin' spot and walks gently to it, carryin' the *señor* with him.

Then, without much help from the *señor*, who is about ready to give three cheers for the nearest hospital, the bull flops and slumbers.

"THAT reminds me," said Mr. McManus, taking advantage of Mr. Rooney's pause, "of a wild bear hunt I once was mixed up in. The——"

"I ain't finished, Mr. McManus," sighed Mr. Rooney. "As I was about to conclude when I seen Hector bearin' off the *señor* lookin' for a soft place to doze on, I jumps to the box office thinkin' it was a good place to hide as any, because I didn't know how the crowd is goin' to take the show or what the cops is goin' to decide on. So I stoops down in the ticket box past which the suckers would halfta depart, and I lissens.

"Mr. McManus, the things I heard about this bull fight me and the *señor* puts on woulda made Charlie Ringlin' admit that I was a better showman than him.

"Like it? They ate it up. It took the cops a half a hour to clear the place, the suckers was cheerin' me and the *señor* so. It was a knockout, Mr. McManus. I came out of the coop to accept the applause."

"Didn't you give the show no more?" demanded Mr. McManus.

"No, Mr. McManus, we didn't. The reason I ain't sittin' pretty this minute bossin' Wall Street is because I'm too trustin'. Mine is a trustin' nature, Mr. McManus.

"When I comes outa that there coop rejoicin' with success, I strolls over to the dressin' room to discuss the future with the *señor*.

"All I find is Pig Iron Shallihan and his brother bandits. The *señor* is gone and so is the gate receipts, Mr. McManus. The way I figure it is that the bull has the *señor* runnin' so fast that he couldn't stop, and that he musta scooped up the loot as he ran.

"No, them two thousand smackers was totally eclipsed and all I have to remember the *señor* is his cake hat. And I ain't seen him since. So I depart from Philly, pausin' only to bust Pig Iron on the chin for luck and lose a close decision to his associated gunmen."

"An elegant story, Mr. Rooney," sighed Mr. McManus. "As for that wild hog fight I entered, it was like this——"

"Say no more, Mr. McManus," said Roamin' Rooney, making for the stairs of the Uncle Sam Hotel. "Let's have no further argument. Save your story for another quiet evenin'."

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

She Needed to Know!

Dorothy was a little country girl. One afternoon a neighbor took her to town with him thinking she might enjoy the ride. No sooner had she reached the downtown district than she gravely asked that he would please show her where the candy store was.

"The candy store?" he asked in pretended surprise; "now why should you want to know where it is?"

With wonderful dignity she answered:

"Some day I expect to be grown up and I may have some babies of my own. Then won't I need to know?"

She found the candy store all right!—E. F. B., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

Somewhat Impatient

We had to go on a short journey by train and it was necessary to take James, aged three, with us. This was his first experience on a train. After being seated for a minute or so he was impatient for the train to start. A conductor passed down the aisle, and James called out, "Me is ready to go, mister!"—Mrs. H. L., Landing, N. J.

* * *

He Had the Feathers!

On the screen was flashed a picture of an Indian chief in full regalia. In the audience Bobby tugged at his mother's sleeve. "O, mamma," he gasped, "look at the Injun!"

"Why, Bobby," reproved his mother, "I'm surprised at you. That's not an Injun; that's an Indian." She pronounced the last word very distinctly.

Bobby was puzzled. For several seconds he studied intently the figure on the screen. Then suddenly he brightened. "Well, anyway," he declared, "he's got feathers just like an Injun."—M. G. B., Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y.

Of Course, It Wouldn't!

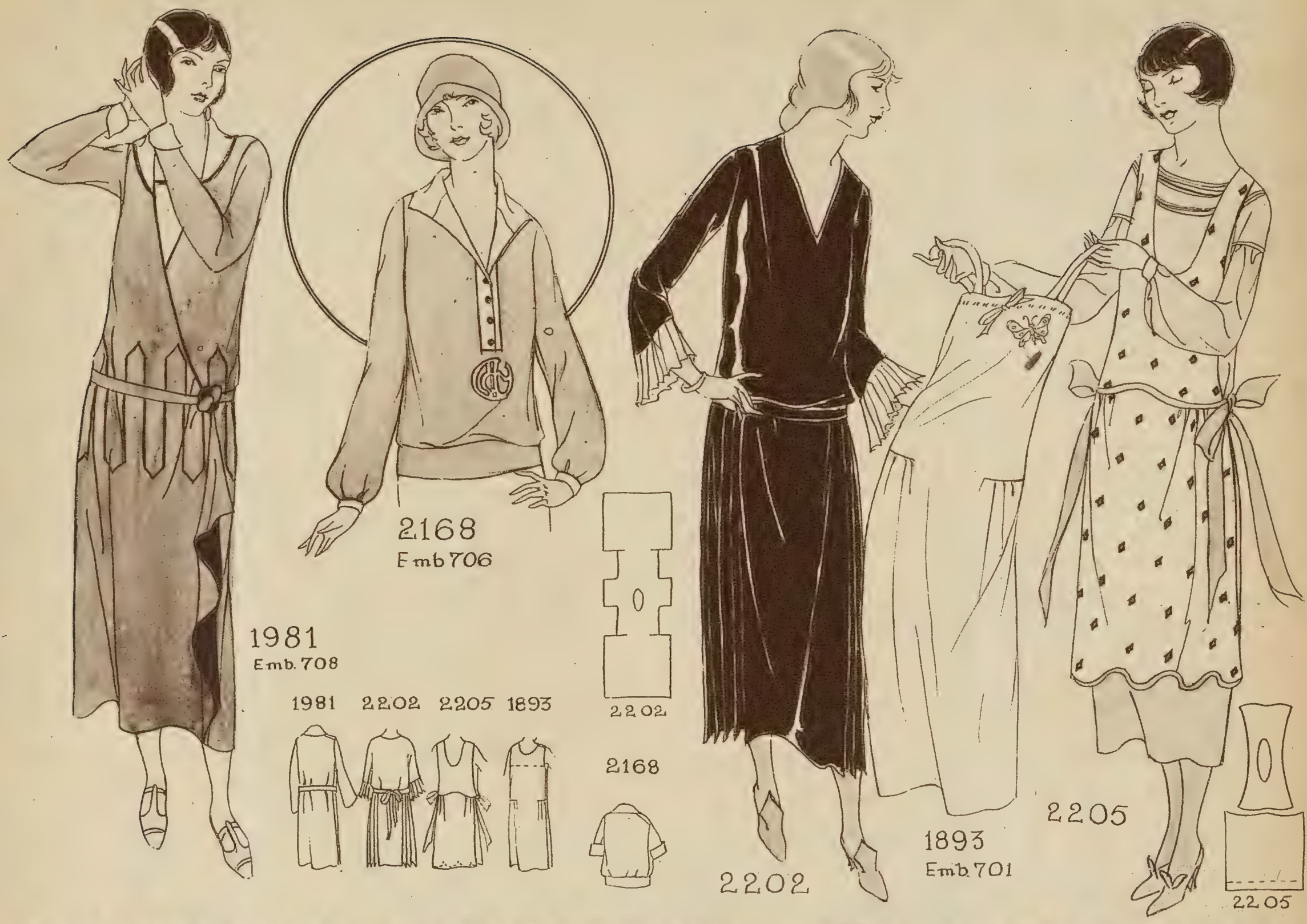
Several years ago I boarded with a private family, one member of the family being a dear lassie of three years. We were all seated at the breakfast table one morning and this little girl sighed and stretched, and her father immediately took her to task, saying, "Ruthie, hereafter when you want to stretch, excuse yourself and leave the table." And the little miss replied, "But daddie, the 'stretch' won't wait for me."—A. S. W., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Can't They Ask Questions, Though?

I had taken him over to the Elks Club, where I live, and upon leaving the building he asked me at what hour the building was locked. I told him the building was open al' night, which was met by the query: "What do you do if burglars come?" I told him we generally hit them over the head with a club. "What club do you use—the Elks club?" was the next question. I gave up.—M. N. S., Albuquerque, N. M.

A New Contest with Big Cash Prizes for Everyone — See Page 48



ATTRACTIVE STYLES THAT ARE EASILY MADE

By PATRICIA

THE garment you've seen in all its stages of development is somehow more dear to you than the one you purchase already made. Perhaps it's because you've sewn your very personality into the dress, blouse or whatever other garment it may be, that makes it more a part of yourself. Or, it may be your creative ability, finding an interest in which to fully express itself, that makes home sewing, when accomplished properly with the correct "tools" and satisfactory patterns, such a fascinating task. Whatever the truth may be, you surely don't tire as quickly of the clothes you make yourself as you do of the ready-mades.

The surplice, side-front closing dress is a popular one this fall. An excellent version of this mode is shown in No. 1981. It can be made with long, tight-fitting sleeves or flare-shaped ones. In silk crêpe, satin or one of the new ribbed silks, this design would make a ravishing "best." How about black trimmed with red? The combination is new and good this season. If you make it in a fine twill, kasha cloth or other woolen material, it is advisable to leave the side cascade off, since woolen fabric is not likely to drape as well as one of silken texture.

The pattern for No. 1981 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, 2¾ yards of 54 inch material with ¾ yard 24 inch white and ⅞ yard 27 inch contrasting for the cascade facing are required. The braiding design is included in hot-iron transfer pattern No. 708, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

Pattern No. 2168 is a very jaunty blouse style which should find a place in every well dressed woman's wardrobe. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, 1⅞ yards of 40 inch material with ¾ yard 27 inch contrasting are required. Silk crêpes, satin, cotton broadcloth and men's shirting are suitable materials. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 706, which includes many monogram motifs and which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

The diagram of style No. 2202 tells the story. It cuts all in one piece—just the easiest garment you ever made. Silk crêpe, satin, kasha cloth, poplin, alpaca, and fine twills are suitable. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36 inch material with ⅝ yard 36 inch contrasting.

There are only two pieces to this slip, pattern No. 1893, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. You can make it with built-up shoulders and a V-shaped neck in front or with a straight upper edge and shoulder straps as shown in the main view. Satin, silk crêpe, radium silk, sateen, lingette, and wash cottons are suitable materials. In the 36 inch size, 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material are required for the slip with the V-neck. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 701, which comes in blue only, costs fifteen cents extra.

Apron No. 2205 is pretty enough for company! You'll like it to wear while preparing refreshments or supper or to offer a guest who insists upon helping. Make it in cretonne, a fancy gingham, a flowered percale or muslin with gay bindings. The pattern comes in sizes small, medium, and large. The medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

FASHION'S SUN BEAMS ON THE SHADED FABRIC

by Corinne Lowe

WHEN a friend of mine, who is one of the fashion experts of New York, returned from Paris last month I asked her what she considered the real change in the mode from last spring as revealed by the recent openings of the great Paris dressmaking houses. Her reply was brief, but eloquent:

"Only more so," said she.

And as we ourselves engage in a review of Paris creations we subscribe heartily to her summary. The change from last spring is "only more so." At the most, there are two or three brand new thoughts concerning the silhouette. Other style points represent old ideas emphasized, intensified, and infinitely varied. Of this "more so" treatment the tunic and the widened hem-line offer two striking examples. Both are repeated again and again with a thousand different inflections.

In consequence of this static silhouette, the burden of novelty in our new modes rests upon material and trimming. There are the ribbed fabrics, both silk and woolen, which have done so much toward making old fashions look new. There are the many suede-finished cloths stressed with especial enthusiasm in the creation of coats made to accompany a frock. Also here come these shaded effects which the French call *dégradé*.

Truly may it be said this autumn that the sun of favor falls on the shaded. If you are anxious to have your dance frock reflect this latest ray of fashion, select one of the lovely crêpes which deepen from a light tint of their chosen color to a very dark tone of the same color. For example, a mauve which is carried into purple or an exquisite sea-foam green melting into the darkest of verdant shades.

I am showing at the left of the top panel one of these shaded or *dégradé* crêpes. Usually the dark tone of the color is reserved for the lower section of the skirt, and, true to this theory, this little frock in pink shows the darker pink in the four flares that distinguish the skirt. The plain sections between the godets are punctuated by three ermine tails echoing the girdle of unspotted ermine encircling the waist.

Ermine tails are featured on this charming dance frock at the left, in the new and fashionable shaded crepe. Next, the tunic with battlemented edge is represented in an afternoon model of red crepe embroidered in gold.

In addition to the employment of shaded crêpe, this frock emphasizes two other salients of autumn fashions. Do not forget that the violet and red tones are widely stressed for evening wear. There are various pinks and reds with a great deal of purple mixed with them. Thus the pink here verges on the fuchsia tones. Do not overlook, either, the fact that fur, both classic and jazzed, is seen constantly on all types of gowns.

Before passing on from the vogue of shaded effects, I must add that the impulse is not confined to crêpes. One sees similar experiments in felt hats, in feathers for boas, and fans and trimmings—also in quite a few other materials.

At the right of the top panel is shown an afternoon frock in red crêpe, the tunic of which illustrates the favored battlemented edge.

As for sports wear, much of it is leather-bound this autumn. Leather jackets harmonizing with plaid skirts represent an outstanding mood in such fashion — one illustrated at the lower left. Another sports movement is concentrated on such two-tone effects as occur in the smart sport coat of Cumberland fleece at the lower right.

A sports suit, with gray suede jacket perforated to show red beneath, illustrates sports wear is leather-bound.

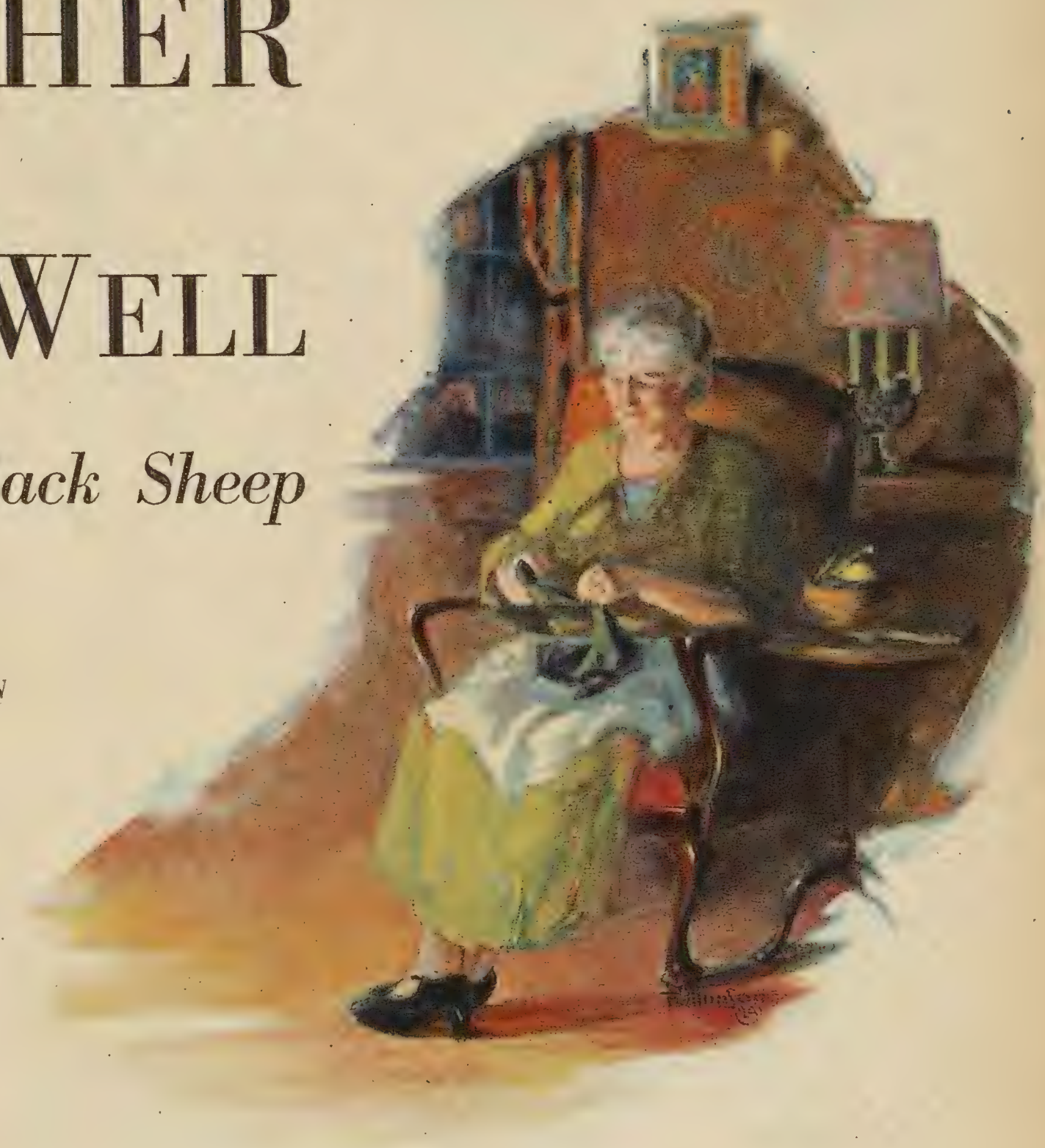
A smart sports coat of Cumberland fleece in two tones of green is here trimmed with dyed muskrat.

The MOTHER of a NE'ER-DO-WELL

A Defense of the Black Sheep

By A MOTHER OF ONE

Picture by FLOYD MUNSON



FOR many years I have seen and heard the world sneer at the young man it calls the "ne'er-do-well." All that I gather out of it is that my second son—I have three—and men like him are misunderstood. He isn't cut from the conventional pattern.

I've heard so much condemnation of the so-called ne'er-do-well that I have accepted this proffered chance to set forth my views. The world pities the mother of the ne'er-do-well. I resent this pity; I do not want it.

Because I cannot hope to be understood in what I am about to say, I hide behind anonymity. Thus I can write freely. Then, too, I am a practical woman. This ne'er-do-well son of mine needs money and so do I. The money I shall get for this article will serve both of us for a time.

EARL, my second son, was different even as an infant. Things which irritated my other boys and the children of my neighbors failed to arouse resentment in him. Where they would protest in tears, Earl would ignore with a placidity, and sometimes a chuckle, which won him the reputation of being "a good-natured baby."

There were times when I was almost persuaded that he reasoned as an adult philosopher. If the weather was insufferably hot, Earl didn't fuss; if he was cold he seemed to take the attitude that the low temperature was not of his making and that nothing he might be able to do about it would mend matters.

He seemed, too, to have a certain immunity from the so-called diseases of childhood—measles, chicken pox, mumps, croup, and the like. This I attribute to his natural refusal to follow the mental beaten path.

There was nothing of the prodigy about him. He was utterly normal in everything except his inability to display the regulation baby tricks. And, more unusual, he appeared to lack much of the curiosity which is the attribute of the majority of children.

As he grew toward the school age his unconcern became more apparent. His older brother, Frederick, was a fountain of curiosity. "What is the dog doing, mother? What is that, mother? What are you doing that for, mother? What makes it rain?" Ten thousand natural, expected questions. Ben, my youngest boy, did the same thing.

But Earl didn't. If he found a thing easy of understanding he accepted it; if his mind refused to accept a thing he let it slide. This lazy mental attitude fit him as his coat does now, and no matter what else they may say about Earl they have to admit he's the best dressed man in our town.

He lacked aggressiveness except when something appealed to him mightily, when he went out and got it. But the appeal had to be strong and I cannot hope to explain his desire for certain things which to me and others seemed utterly trivial and without benefit.

He lacked—and lacks—among other things, viciousness. I have never known him to do an unkind thing or say a hurtful word.

He has played hard all his life, but never meanly. I have never known of his taking advantage of a weaker person, but, on the contrary, I can cite a thousand and one instances of his generosity, his kindness, his willingness to sacrifice himself. He's a poet at heart, a dreamer of dreams.

I know quite well, of course, that other women say Earl is a shirker, an idler, a ne'er-do-well, content to live on what his mother can give him. And I know, too, that they like to blame me for it; to say that I spoiled him and am now reaping my reward.

Oddly enough they seem never to accuse a ne'er-do-well's father of responsibility—at least, very seldom. It is always the mother who is to blame.

My husband died while Earl was making indifferent progress through high school. I say indifferent as descriptive of his attitude toward his studies. In those studies which appealed to him he made good with astonishingly small effort. In distasteful classes—mathematics, for example—he got equally astonishing low marks simply because, not liking mathematics, he didn't try to master the subject.

And that is Earl. If a thing appeals to him he'll embrace it; if not, he ignores it. I recall saying that to Frederick, who replied:

"Well, he certainly don't love work."

I fail to appreciate the grim humor of that remark. There is no evidence that Earl will not work; the only just deduction one may make is that Earl has not found the occupation that appeals to him sufficiently to hold him. O, you may smile or laugh at that, but what proof have you it isn't the truth?

THEY point to Earl's record, as though that were proof of his inability to make good. I use the term "make good" unwillingly, because it means nothing, after all. All things, I am assured by logicians, are relative. That being the fact, is it not logical for me to assume that Earl has made good *as Earl?* Earl is Earl. Frederick is Frederick. Ben is Ben. You are what *you* are. How, then, can you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. *** J. W. Kobi Co., 669 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Should Your Son Go into Your Business?

A NUMBER of men, each prominent in his line, were asked this question by Hugh Fullerton.

Read the answers in a sparkling article in next week's

5¢ **Liberty** *A Weekly for Everybody*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

criticize Earl for being what *he* is?

You who assume to criticize this boy of mine—this ne'er-do-well, if you choose—are *you* making your wife, your mother, your children any happier than Earl makes me?

BUT before I digress further I'll take up this matter of Earl's record—this thing they point to as though it were substantiation for their contentions that Earl is a useless male, a parasite, a waster, an idler.

Since he quit high school (he wasn't formally graduated; he simply drifted out and stayed out) he has held briefly more positions than I can remember. His ideas of what he wanted to do were always rather nebulous. For example, there was much talk about his becoming a traveling salesman for a woolen goods firm. Again he delighted to talk somewhat vaguely about managing somebody's stock farm and there raise and train horses for exhibition and racing purposes.

He spoke of going into journalism (he actually tried newspaper work) and later dreamed of being a private secretary. If he had the money, he often said, he'd become a specialty farmer—raise hogs or food delicacies. There has been nothing commonplace about Earl's plans, just as there is nothing commonplace about Earl.

Now, I'm not wholly a fool, and it has been as apparent to me as it has to others that neither by equipment nor honest inclination was Earl ever fitted to go into most of these projected enterprises. He applied for and got a position with a woolen goods firm in Chicago. He stayed there six weeks.

"I came here," he told his employer, "hoping to get on the road as a salesman."

"You can't hope to sell something you know nothing about," was the reply. "We'll try you on the road when we think you've absorbed enough knowledge about the business."

"When will that be?" demanded Earl.

"That depends upon you—two, three, four years."

Perhaps you agree with that employer. Perhaps you say that he was right and that Earl was a coward for not fighting his way up. I disagree with you. How did this man know that Earl, with his winning personality and his unquestioned ability to win friends, could not sell goods?

Earl obtained, through a friend of the family, a place in the office of a publisher. He was dismissed after six months. Earl did not resent being let go and I am inclined to agree with the publisher that his was not the business for Earl. The boy was never bookish and I don't know that I can blame him for declining to come and go by a clock.

I'm not, to tell the truth, able to designate just what business Earl *would* succeed in. It is entirely possible that there is none, although hardly probable. But that is beside the point. Earl is himself and as such wholly acceptable to me, his mother.

My husband died leaving me very little capital. He was insured for a small sum, and inasmuch as he had had business reverses there was little beside the meager insurance money. Therefore, having two growing sons to help, Frederick having started working, I went back to my profession—teaching—and continued to teach until Frederick and Ben insisted that I quit.

My husband's brother is a man of means. I have an aunt who is reasonably wealthy. Because he insisted upon making Earl the target for invective, I have broken off all relations with my brother-in-law. My aunt's opinion of Earl closely matches that of my brother-in-law, although she is less outspoken, and the bond of affection between us is unaffected by her attitude toward Earl. I hardly think that anything could permanently estrange Aunt Ellen from me.

SHE has insisted upon sending me occasional checks for small sums, and I am certain that they would be larger and possibly more frequent were I to share her opinion, even in ever so small a degree, of Earl.

Why shouldn't I share what I have and what I receive with Earl? Is it not mine to give him? And why, to be utterly candid, shouldn't his two brothers and his grand-aunt help him? Is he not fulfilling a mission worthy of reward by making me happy with his adoration of me. And aren't they continually saying that they want to do everything in their power to make me happy?

How illogical *they* are, and how blind.

Just what would you do, you women? I think you would, under similar circumstances, arrive at the same conclusion I have—that anybody can condemn and criticize, but no one comes prepared to back up his or her diagnosis with a curing prescription.

For example, the Rev. Mr. Scattergood took it upon himself to talk to me about Earl.

"Mrs.——," he said, "don't you think it is almost time that Earl was making something of himself in a business way? How old is the young man now?"

"Twenty-eight," I replied.

"A splendid boy," he went on, "and doubtless well equipped to make a mark for himself. All that he needs is—is—well, let us say, a trifle more independence. Charming young man that he is, I am inclined to think he would be more likely to—to—well, let us say, shift for himself—were he to be deprived of all sources of income. I mean to say——"

"You mean," I asked, "that it would be best for Earl were I to refuse to give him money or in other ways contribute to his living?"

"Precisely. A young man of his charm and unquestioned ability would, when brought to realize that there is serious purpose in life and——"

"Mr. Scattergood," I interrupted, "I hope you won't be offended, but I must be permitted to make my own relations with my son. I find that you have nothing to say on the subject that has not been said a hundred times. What would you have me do? Make a drifter of him? Hurt him by treating him as though he were a criminal?

"How do you know, sir, that Earl will not find his place in life and make good in it? And suppose I choose to see his side of the argument? Suppose I choose to divide what I have with him always? I love all three of my sons, Earl no more than Frederick and Ben, but I see in Earl the boy, and his love for me is the same fresh, beautiful, unquestioning thing it was when he was fourteen. *I* do not object to keeping Earl with me and sharing what I have with him as I did when he was a boy. Why, then, should you?"

"My dear Mrs.——," protested Mr. Scattergood. "Please forgive me. I meant only to help. I have only your boy's interest at heart. Suppose something should happen to you? Suppose, to be frank, you should die. What then would become of Earl?"

"Earl will take care of himself, Mr. Scattergood," I replied.

AND he will. The only reaction I get out of all their efforts to prove to me that Earl is a ne'er-do-well is resentment. I resent their attitude toward the boy. I hate their lack of vision. Earl is of a different mold; he is cut of an unconventional pattern. And because he is not as his brothers—but I have said that before.

Say that my logic is faulty, that my viewpoint is biased, that I am ruining him, and that if he comes to evil it will be my fault. I assure you I am indifferent to what you say. I have heard it so often. And finally my faith in Earl is greater than in his critics. Also, remember, I love him for what he is.

He's out dancing at a cabaret now. It is one o'clock. I wish he was home, but I suppose he must have some recreation.

You see, though, he needs his rest. This is his second day in a new job—bank runner in Wall Street. He likes it and is doing well, too. He told me so tonight.

"It's just what I've wanted, mother," he said. "Always thought I'd fit in the 'Street!'"

THE END

Lew Cody and May McAvoy at an interesting moment in their new picture, Three Women.

THREE WOMEN, a new picture from the studio of Warner Brothers, is a film with a New York background, but with a decidedly continental atmosphere. This characteristic is doubtless in large measure owing to the influence of the director, Ernst Lubitsch.

One of the main impressions one takes away with one after seeing Three Women is that it is remarkable how a fascinating woman and a first rate director can make of a third rate story a film drama which it is possible to enjoy.

If you don't believe this, go to see Three Women for yourself. The story is well nigh impossible. But you ought to get entertainment from it if you feel, as we do, that Pauline Frederick is still a beautiful woman who knows what she is about when the cameras are grinding, and if you like the kind of directing Mr. Lubitsch does.

To those who like their movies lavishly put on, with parties and beautifully gowned women, who recline languidly in softly lighted boudoirs, or stand in front of expensively equipped dressing tables, applying clouds of powder from soft, downy puffs and spraying costly exotic perfumes from crystal atomizers, Three Women should appeal, despite the fact they will find in the story much that does not ring true and is slightly incredible.

Pauline Frederick, May McAvoy, and Marie Prevost, play the three women promised in the title. Lew Cody is the busy villain, to whom women are pretty playthings. The villain has an affair with the mother, Pauline Frederick, compromises the latter's daughter, May McAvoy, marries her, and then uses her money to lavish upon "the other woman," Marie Prevost.

Mother, as you may guess from the fact that the part is played by Pauline Frederick, famous vampire of the screen, is not one of the quiet little home bodies who sit around with a sewing basket on the lap. Mabel Wilton, mother of Jeanne Wilton, college girl, is a millionaire widow of the extremely merry variety, who considers an eighteen-year-old daughter a liability in the acquisition of men who will respond to her aging charms. Therefore she keeps young Jeanne hidden away at college in Berkeley, California.

But daughter grows restless at the kind of mother love which specializes in registered packages containing diamond bracelets and platinum wrist watches. She makes a hasty and unexpected return to her New York home, where she receives a cold welcome from mamma, who is in the midst of a little boudoir tête-à-tête with Lamont, the Don Juan to whom the lady's millions shine with a tantalizing brilliance. But when he learns that the attractive young daughter is the proud owner of an independent fortune, he sees no reason for hanging around mother any longer, and proceeds to transfer his attentions, which does not make the maternal fires burn any warmer in Mrs. Wilton's breast.

This is where the heavy drama sets in. Daughter doesn't know of the relations between her mother and the man whom circumstances force her to marry. Husband seeks excitement further afield than the family hearth. An accident in a cabaret brings to the young wife the realization that her husband is not all a faithful spouse should be, and at the same time brings back into her life a suitor of college days who is now a physician.

The way out of this unfortunate predicament is provided by Mother Wilton, who disposes of the philandering husband by killing him in the frenzy of wrath when, upon her demand that he give her daughter her freedom, he threatens to expose the mother's love affair with him.

You have guessed rightly. Mrs. Wilton is acquitted. She has learned her lesson. From now on she is to be a better mother. Daughter will marry the poor but loving physician.

Willard Louis, fat man, has a small part in this picture. Mary Carr contributes a bit as the mother of the young doctor.

It seems a shame to waste so fine a director as Lubitsch on so inferior a scenario as this. However, as long as this story had to be put on the screen, it is fortunate that Lubitsch did it, or it might have been a great deal worse. His skill has raised it from mediocrity to a picture which need not be avoided.

THREE WOMEN

THE CAST:

Mrs. Wilton	*Pauline Frederick*
Jeanne Wilton	*May McAvoy*
Harriett	*Marie Prevost*
Lamont	*Lew Cody*
Harvey Craig	*Willard Louis*
Mrs. Armstrong	*Mary Carr*
Fred Armstrong	*Pierre Gendron*

NEXT WEEK: THE IRON HORSE

A Picture Story of the First Transcontinental Railroad.
Produced by Fox.

MAE BUSCH was once an opera singer. But you will probably remember her best for the parts she has played in the movies. She is now appearing in Bread, a Metro-Goldwyn film.

EDMUND LOWE made his first public appearance in the legit. Since taking up his residence in Hollywood most of the major producers have trained their cameras on him. He is now playing for Fox.

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

FLYING INTO A VOLCANO CRATER

By LIEUT. CORLEY McDARMENT
Air Service, U. S. A.

Lieut. R. C. Wriston and his assistant, Sergt. R. L. Agnew, ready for their daring flight. The cannonlike object is their camera.
Official Photograph, U. S. Army Air Service.

How Two Daring American Aviators Skimmed the Edge of the Boiling Pit of Kilauea, Hawaii's Fire Mountain

Lieut. Corley McDarment holds a decidedly unique position. As Assistant to the Chief of the Information Division, Air Service Headquarters at Washington, D. C., he must know something about everything that happens in the aeronautical world.

Lieut. McDarment has won considerable fame from his ability to answer a wide range of questions and also from the many magazine articles he has written. He was born in Kentucky about twenty-six years ago and is a graduate of George Washington University.

ONE of the most remarkable airplane flights ever made took place a few weeks ago, when a young lieutenant in the Army Air Service and a sergeant flew into the famous fire pit of the live volcano Kilauea in Hawaii. A short time ago army aviators in the Hawaiian Islands were ordered to photograph all the forts and harbors of the islands from the air, and a landing base was established in the vicinity of Kilauea.

The temptation to see what the inside of a live volcano looked like at close quarters was too great for Lieut. R. C. Wriston, commanding officer of the photographic section, and Sergt. R. L. Agnew, his assistant. So one day, after considerable discussion as to whether or not an airplane motor would run while flying through the sulphurous smoke which rolls from a volcanic crater, it was decided that the only way to settle the question was to fly down into the crater and find out.

Lieut. Wriston and Sergt. Agnew went up in an airplane and circled for several minutes in the vicinity of the steaming crater. Finally they ascended several thousand feet and with a great burst of speed shot across the crater. Nothing unusual happened except the airplane was rolled and pitched considerably on account of the "bumpy" air.

As an experiment they began flying across the crater at lower and lower altitudes, and saw more of the fascinating interior with each trip.

After awhile they made a few flights right across the top, only a few feet above the rim. This got tame after two or three trips, so, mustering still more courage, the aviators stuck the nose of their airplane down into the crater and skimmed the edge of the molten lava from fifty feet. As proof that they were this low, they took photographs which showed the spewing, boiling white hot lava in vivid detail. They were able to reach the rim of the fire pit on the opposite side with great difficulty, as their airplane sank in the hot air.

The flight into this crater is especially interesting from a scientific standpoint because of the many peculiar phenomena connected with the lava flow. The lava in this volcano rises and falls periodically, and scientists have discovered a tidal motion in the flow.

Several observations have been made of other volcanoes by airplanes. Many of the inaccessible volcano cones of the Philippine Islands have been flown over and photographed, and several flights have been made close to the crater of Mount Vesuvius while the volcano was in eruption.

THE END

The PRETTIEST GIRL:

She Won the Beauty Prize, But Lost Her Husband

A Chapter from the Life of Helen Lee Worthing, Acclaimed the Most Regal Beauty Ziegfeld Ever Picked

By ELEANOR EARLY

This is one of the pictures, secretly entered in a moving picture beauty contest by her young husband, that started Helen Lee Worthing toward fame and fortune on the stage, but brought her honeymoon romance to an end.

CAN you imagine Helen Lee Worthing in a gingham apron, peeling potatoes and basting a pot roast?

Helen, as almost everybody knows, has been acclaimed the most beautiful girl in America. She's the most regal beauty Ziegfeld ever picked. It's those airs she has—that queenly stare, that way of hers, those gleaming finger nails, that diamond tiara, that up-stage smile.

With this statement the question may aptly be repeated — imagine Helen in a gingham apron, peeling potatoes, and basting a pot roast—a cheap little pot roast?

Of course you can't. If you could there would not be anything astonishing about this narrative. It is a simple little story, and concerns the hidden chapters in her life; a really true love story, with a touch of tragedy. It is about the man who loved and lost her, and it points a moral anent fatal beauty. Most stories end with a wedding, but this, being an unusual story, begins where others leave off.

Enter Helen in a wedding gown, tulle and orange blossoms, and a little old-fashioned gold wedding ring. Enter the stalwart bridegroom, tremendously in love. His name is Charles J. McDonald, which does not sound very romantic but happens to be the truth; and in those days he was a liquor salesman, which wasn't very romantic either, but thoroughly profitable. All this, you understand, happened five years ago, before Mr. Volstead was so well known.

They had just been married, and they had taken a modest little apartment on Beacon Street in Boston. Charles, being very proud of Helen, wanted her to have some wedding pictures taken. Helen demurred.

"They'll cost so much, dear," she said.

"Hang the expense!" exclaimed Charles.

SO they took a subway down to Tremont Street and dropped in at the White Studio.

Mr. White, having photographed many lovely women, is something of a judge of feminine pulchritude, and Mrs. McDonald's beauty almost swept him off his feet. When he caught his breath he said:

"Several moving picture magazines are now running a beauty contest. They are searching for the most beautiful girl in America. Mrs. McDonald is so beautiful"—and the gallant photographer bowed low—"she would photograph, I am sure, so marvelously. Might I enter her picture for the contest?"

"O, no," she whispered. "I'd be so frightened—really. I couldn't. And I'm not beautiful—not really. O, I simply couldn't."

"Come on, honey," her husband urged. "Please do it. You'll win the prize. I know you will. And think how proud I'll be."

"How much would it cost, Mr. White?" she asked.

"I would want to submit eight plates," he said—"big ones. And I would have to charge you twenty-five dollars apiece for them. That would be two hundred dollars."

The practical young woman turned to her husband.

"That settles it, Charles," she said. "I simply would not permit you to spend two hundred dollars on pictures, when it's furniture we need. I'll have some cheap little ones taken and we'll have just a few printed—one for your chiffonier, Charles, dear, and one for father, and perhaps four extra."

So Helen sat for her pictures and the newlyweds departed.

Next day Mr. McDonald, looking a trifle guilty, called again at the studio. He shoved two hundred dollars into the hand of the astonished Mr. White, announced he would take all responsibility for submitting the photographs and swore Mr. White to secrecy. If Mrs. McDonald knew, Charles admitted, she would be very angry.

Weeks passed and famous judges gathered to choose the winning beauties in the great movie contest. Mary Pickford was there, and Howard Chandler Christy, James Montgomery Flagg, D. W. Griffith, Cecil deMille, and Thomas Ince. They argued and argued, but to make a long story short, they chose Helen and wired her of their decision.

The telegram arrived on a Monday. Helen had done the washing. She had on a little gingham apron and was basting a little pot roast when the message came. It was brief and to the point. She had won the prize. They wanted her to go to New York for a tryout. A career awaited her. No more gingham aprons. No more pot roasts.

It's ten to one that Helen was almost out of her head with joy when Charles came in. She showed him the telegram, of course, and he confessed he had ordered the pictures sent. With tremulous kisses, she reproached him, most likely, and thanked him, too, of course. Then she probably cried for joy.

THE next day they went down to see Mr. White, who says they were the happiest couple he ever saw. A day or two later Helen set out for New York. And then—first thing anyone knew—she had her tryout, and was an enormous success.

And next thing she had hopped from the movies right on to Broadway, and Mr. Ziegfeld was saying she was the most beautiful girl he had ever found, which means a lot, you must admit, when Flo says it.

And that, of course, was the beginning of the end of the gingham-apron-pot-roast-romance.

A couple of years passed, and Charles McDonald was haled to court. The self-same Charles, the adoring husband who had teased and coaxed and finally paid for the contest pictures. Helen said he had deserted her, and she charged him with cruel and abusive treatment. He did not offer any defense. He only wiped away a manly tear. And in three minutes Helen got her decree and was free from marital ties.

THE END

CHARACTER ANALYSIS OF THE AIR CHAMPIONS

LIEUTENANT LOWELL SMITH, thirty-two, single, pilot of the Chicago and in command after Major Martin's accident, is of the mental type, with sharp, delicate features—the perfect type for flying. His sharp, pointed nose indicates that his subconscious mind acts instantly to transmute decisions into deeds.

© Underwood & Underwood.

MAJOR FREDERICK L. MARTIN, forty-one, married, who commanded the flight until he crashed into a mountain in Alaska, is Nordic like the others. But his motive, or driving, nature, shown by his square face with muscular, heavy features, which makes him so excellent a leader, also makes him a bit slow in the air.

Lester Rounds Photo.

LIEUTENANT LESLIE P. ARNOLD, thirty-one, single, engineer officer for Lieutenant Smith, is of the mental build. His senses are keen; he perceives the nature of conditions quickly, and is at once ready to act upon his observations. His nose, cheeks and brows, bulging out over the full development of the perception centers, show this.

Kadel & Herbert Photo.

SERGEANT ALVA S. HARVEY, Major Martin's assistant, is of pure mental type—a dreamer about engines and airships, but able to carry out his dreams in practice. Harvey is delicately built, with his endurance coming entirely from will power, not from his body. Ability to estimate conditions is shown over his eyes.

© Underwood & Underwood.

WORLD FLYERS' FACES EXPLAIN THEIR VICTORY

LIEUTENANT LEIGH WADE, twenty-eight, single, pilot of the Boston, is mento-motive in type, with the mental side, so necessary in flying, predominant. His square brows show him to be quiet, matter-of-fact, and a steady, enduring worker. His imagination runs somewhat slowly and his emotional nature reacts strongly to machinery.

LIEUTENANT ERIK NELSON, thirty-six, single, pilot of the New Orleans, is mento-motive in about equal proportions. He likes excitement and activity, physical or mental. Hard problems and great dangers please him equally. His imagination, however, keeps him from being foolhardy. His brows, with their evidence of a rapid, open mind, tell the story. United Photo.

LIEUTENANT HENRY H. OGDEN, twenty-four, single, Wade's engineer officer, reverses Wade's characteristics, being mento-motive in type with the motive side in the lead. The shape of his nose stamps him as conservative and slow to form favorable opinions. These traits make him cautious and everlastingly on the lookout for danger. © Underwood & Underwood.

LIEUTENANT JOHN HARDING, single, Nelson's flying partner, is mental, with a trace of muscular-motive in his makeup. He is a clear, independent thinker with unusual ability to understand conditions and to be cheerful under trying circumstances. Tenacity in completing anything he undertakes is shown by the contour of his lips. United Photo.

Captions by Selby Maxwell, Noted Physiognomist

$500 a Week for Limericks!

Easy! Fascinating! Open to Everyone!

A COUPLE of weeks ago, folks, we printed a Limerick, minus the last line. The stunt was to write the last line yourself. We offered to pay $5 for the best one, and to raise the ante if you seemed to like the idea. Well, you seem to have liked the idea, all right! Thousands of last lines flocked in. Thousands more are flocking in daily. So we're going to make good, and here it goes:

Beginning with Our Next Issue,
Liberty Will Pay

$500 a Week for Limericks in Five Big Cash Prizes!

It doesn't matter where you live! Anyone can compete—Men, Women, Children!

Here's How the Prizes Will Be Divided:

First Prize, $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, $75
Fourth Prize, $50 Fifth Prize, $25

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Here's This Week's Limerick

A life guard lay prone on the beach;
To a friend he called: "Look at that peach!"
But the friend, with a glare,
Said: "You'd better take care,

.....

All Last Lines for *this* Limerick must reach us before midnight, October 17

Out of the thousands of last lines submitted to complete the Limerick published in our issue of September 13, Gertrude M. Worthington, 32-A Hampton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., received the $5 prize. The Limerick she completed reads as follows, the winning line being in Italics:

There was a young girl in Eau Claire,
Who used to put braids in her hair;
Now her locks are bobbed chic,
And her neck's shaven sleek,
And she's wearing a big solitaire.

HERE ARE THE LAST OF THE TONGUE TWISTERS

for which Liberty has been paying $1,000 a week. Each of the following will receive $100:

Sally Sharron sews soldiers' chevrons on suits —Sergeants say Sally sews so satisfactorily soldiers show they are satisfied showing Sally to several shows—J. O. Dodge, 540 11th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Winsome, witching, winning Winnie Winkle winked weary wrinkles weekly, wildly wrapping Winkler's Wrinkle Cream—Lois Higgins, 604 E. Main Street, Lebanon, Ind.

The shop sign shiner sees cheap shop signs. "Shine your signs," says the shop sign shiner. The sign shiner shined the shop signs and the cheap signs soon shone sharply.—A. C. Sunde, Joice, Iowa.

Thirty thirsty traveling thrashers, thrashing trash thankfully, thought thrashing thoroughly taught true thrift.—L. E. McLeod, 18 Silk Street, Brewer, Me.

Short sock stocks in Stock's short stocked sock shopping shop, shock short sock shoppers, sock shopping in Stock's short stocked short sock shopping shop.—Ralph E. Carpenter, 628 Gordon Street, Reading, Pa.

Fritz Fisher and Phil Fisher, the fishing fresh fishers, fished fresh fish. And Fritz fried Phil's, as Phil fried Fritz's fine fresh fish.—Eupha Dunn, 1219 N. Lawrence St., Wichita, Kas.

Jew Lew knew Lou, too, threw true through two tubes.—Milton B. Gray, 2194 38th Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

Sipky speaks Spanish sweetly, so sister slapped slim, sick Sipky.—T. Marquez, Reina St. No. 63, Ponce, Porto Rico.

A shell-shocked soldier's sore shell-shot shoulder sure showed shoddy shrapnel shooting.—Joe. J. Kolar, 209 Hill Avenue, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Schnell's Shoe Shoppe should show some suede shoes soon. Showing suede shoes should surely sell Schnell's suede shoe stock.—Miss Georgia Phelps, Pikeville, Pike Co., Ky.

Watch for the First $500 Limerick Winners Next Week

The tables have been turned so completely that in many cases the wife is severely condemned by the neighbors because she lets her husband go to work.

SHOULD A HUSBAND USE HIS OWN NAME?

Some Entertaining Forecasts Concerning the Ultra Feminism

By H. I. PHILLIPS

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

THE other day a friend of mine—call him Mr. J. J. Blank—married. Shortly after this he invited me to his home. "But listen," he warned me, a little shamefacedly. "Don't call my wife Mrs. Blank."

"Very well," I replied, considerably puzzled.

"You see," he explained, "of course, she is Mrs. Blank and all that, but—er—well, she has the bug about its being the right and duty of a woman to retain her maiden name after marriage, and—well, you know how it is."

I *did* know "how it is." Most everybody does.

More and more women are being converts to this Own Your Own Name movement every day. It is spreading rapidly. The situation is reaching a point where a man's name is not of any use to anybody but himself.

"Take my name, dear," the newlywed may urge his bride. "It's really a very good one, easily pronounced."

"No, thank you," the Modernist Bride replies. "I'll roll my own!"

And there you are!

When Miss Millicent B. Smith weds Avery Jay Hicks, does she become Mrs. Avery Jay Hicks? Not any too often these days.

"Well, Mrs. Avery Jay Hicks!" says the bridegroom proudly as he steps out of the church with his bride.

"To whom are you speaking—to whom?" asks the bride.

"To you, sweetheart. You are now Mrs. Hicks."

"You are now entitled to three more guesses," says the fair captive. "There must be some mistake. My name is Millicent B. Smith."

"But I don't understand. Always when a girl marries she——"

"Tush, Avery! You're way behind in your reading. Don't you know the rules committee changed all that several seasons ago? Regulation 246, Clause 3, declares it entirely optional with a bride whether she wishes to assume her husband's name or not. No sensible girl wishes to do so. Remember, you're Avery Jay Hicks and I'm Millicent B. Smith. Thank goodness, THAT'S SETTLED!"

And that's that.

THERE is an organization in this country with branches in many cities and with a constantly growing membership devoted to the retention of maiden names. A number of lesser societies have a similar purpose.

The custom is spreading fast. Something's gotta be done about it. Already the "Should a Husband Use His Own Name?" question is agitating the men's clubs of America in anticipation of the early day when the women will demand that every husband be known by his wife's name. They fear the day when the following forms will be generally accepted:

ANNOUNCING A PROMOTION.

The Municipal Trust Company directors take pleasure in announcing that The Man Miss Etta Brown Married has this day been appointed to the vice presidency of the institution. He was formerly treas-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Of Course It's a CROSLEY
Better-Cost Less
Radio Receiver

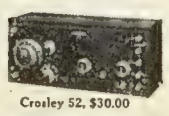
To combine the two most desirable things in radio—distant, clear reception at the lowest possible price—there is only one receiver for you. That is a Crosley. During the past twelve months Crosley made and sold more sets than any manufacturer in the world, we believe. This is self-evident proof of Crosley Quality and Crosley Performance.

From the one tube Armstrong Regenerative Receiver Crosley 50 at $14.50, the lowest priced regenerative set on the market, to the three tube Armstrong Regenerative and Reflex Tirdyn Regular at $65—in special mahogany cabinet $75—Crosley Receivers, each in its own class, assure you as good or better reception than any other instrument of the same number of tubes. At the same time they are the least expensive sets ever offered to the public.

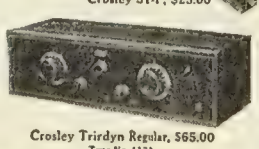
The Tirdyn Regular has especially come through the summer with flying colors. The combination of one stage of tuned radio frequency, with regenerative detector and reflexed amplification, has proven beyond a doubt that the features of selectivity, volume and ease of operation can be obtained with three tubes better than heretofore has been possible with five tubes. We believe no other receiver combines these features so well incorporated in the Tirdyn.

Crosley 50, $14.50

Crosley 51, $18.50


Crosley 52, $30.00

Crosley 51-P, $25.00


Crosley Tirdyn Regular, $65.00
Type No. 1121

Crosley Tirdyn Special, $75.00
Type No. 1122

Before You Buy—Compare
Your Choice Will Be a Crosley
For Sale by Good Dealers Everywhere
Send for Complete Catalog

The CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., President
10762 Alfred St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley Regenerative Receivers are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent 1,113,149. Prices quoted are without accessories. West of Rockies, add 10%.

Send Coupon Today

The Crosley Radio Corporation, 10762 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. Send free of charge complete catalog and booklet, "The Simplicity of Radio."

Name .....

Address .....

CROSLEY OWNS AND OPERATES BROADCASTING STATION WLW

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

urer. This is one of the biggest positions in the financial world. The new vice president is but thirty-six years old and the youngest man in the history of the company ever to hold that office. His rapid rise is considered a great tribute to Miss Brown, who took an interest in him years ago, saw possibilities, and married him.

ENGAGEMENT NOTICE.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Wogg of 3376 Clearwater Avenue announce the engagement of their daughter, Lillian Annabelle Marie Patricia Wogg, to a young man whose name is of no importance, and which has, in fact, escaped them.

Miss Lillian Annabelle Marie Patricia Wogg is one of last season's débutantes. She is a graduate of Vassar, an accomplished painter, and a sculptor of no mean ability. Miss Wogg has also written a number of books. Her pen name is Lillian Annabelle Marie Patricia Wogg.

There is no question whatsoever that she will make a name for the young man she is to marry.

BIRTH NOTICE.

Ella Mae Jogglesby of 56 Edgesea Lane is the proud "parents" of a bouncing baby boy. The lad will be named after his mother.

ELECTION RETURNS.

With twenty-two precincts still missing at 11:45 P. M., the returns indicate the election as President of the United States of the man who married Laura Jean Judkins. He has a lead of three hundred and fifty thousand over his nearest rival, the husband of Alice Bradgolly, the noted author of Down the River.

At midnight his election was conceded.

When the President-elect was interviewed his wife said, "I realize fully the great honor that has been conferred upon me by the voters of this country. I shall do my best to serve the people well."

LITERARY NOTICE.

Hot Sandals, the best seller of the current year, was written by Miss Bella Darner's second husband. The critics concede he is a far better writer than her first.

This is no idle jesting. Everything points to just such developments. Which is all wrong. The men of this country must mobilize in self-defense. Eternal vigilance is the price of the slightest consideration. There should be a convention called for the purpose of arriving at a compromise.

Should a husband support himself? This is another great question among the modernists. Until recent years in this country it was considered a husband's first duty to support his wife. He was the worker, the bread winner, the head of the family. A wife's duty was to sit pretty, knit, cook, play the harpsichord, spin, mend, keep house, raise children, and wind the clock. And try on new hats. Now all is changed.

This is the era of the business woman. There are women captains of industry. There are women political bosses, women judges, and women officeholders. Women are prominent in art, science, medicine, and literature.

And as a general thing when a successful woman marries she prefers to continue her career. Frequently she is doing so much better in a business way than the man she marries that it seems foolish for him to continue to go to business at all. In fact, the tables have been turned so completely that in many cases the wife is severely condemned by the neighbors because she lets her husband go to work.

These questions naturally arise:

Has a man a right to retire after his wife has made one hundred thousand dollars?

At what point in a wife's successful business career does a husband become entitled to become a tired business woman's retired husband?

How much should a wife have put aside before her husband is satisfied to rest on HER laurels and spend the rest of HIS life in ease?

One thing is certain. And that is that if the present tendency continues it will be perfectly proper for a man to inquire, in proposing marriage, whether his loved one can support him in the manner to which he has been accustomed.

GIRLS will be boys. This hair bobbing fad is but a reflection of woman's determination to run the works. It gives her that masculine feeling. How many men ever expected to live to see the day when a barber could run a six-chair shop next door to a Y. W. C. A., Martha Washington Hotel, or Women's Club and prosper? I ask you.

Even flirtation has become a great peril. It has lost its tang, its romance. Next to a sudden submersion in a tub of ice water nothing is so chilling to a man as to discover that the dreamy-eyed, rather charming young woman he has been observing so pensively at the railroad station each morning is the production manager of the Malleable Iron Works.

Something's gotta be done about it.

Back, say I, to the good old days when men were men and women had the inferiority complex.

THE END

Sixth *of a Series of Photographs Showing Liberty's National Organization of Boy Salesmen*

George V. Harrington, Proprietor Oakland Magazine Agency, Oakland, California, and a few of his Liberty Boy Salesmen.

Boys!

Earn Money Selling Liberty!

Be a Liberty Boy Salesman! Join the most aggressive organization of Boy Salesmen in America! Earn money every week! Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are doing it. So can you!

Liberty is easy to sell! It appeals to everybody. It contains the finest short stories, serials, special articles, fashions, patterns, fun! It is the only magazine in America offering all this for 5c.

Liberty Boys are taught how to sell by experienced magazine distributors. We furnish all instructions, carrier bags, etc., and help you get started. And besides your regular cash profit we offer you valuable prizes free—bicycles, football outfits, skates, etc.

Boys! Come on in! Join the thousands upon thousands of boys who are making money every week selling Liberty. It need not interfere with school or play. Work after school—any time or all time.

Don't wait! Cut out the coupon and mail it to us at once and get all the details FREE!

For Full Particulars

Mail This Coupon!

Liberty

Tribune Square,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

A Five Dollar Piece of Lace Was the
TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE

—SAYS ALICE FOOTE MacDOUGALL

America's Great Woman Coffee Merchant, Who Started with Thirty-eight Dollars and Now Takes in Forty-five Thousand a Month

"ONE NIGHT when I reached home soon after I was put on my own resources I was desperate for money to the point of realizing on anything I possessed to raise five dollars to buy groceries. I had a quite beautiful piece of useless embroidery which I had done in the days when such occupation seemed fitting for a lady's time. I took it to a friend who spent many dollars on this kind of thing every year. Yes, she bought it, for the five dollars I had to have. And never to this day have I rubbed the humiliation of that hour and the days to come from my soul.

"My sixteen years of life since that evening would have been a prouder span if I could have found some way to return the kindly dole. Kindly—that was the curse in the transaction which I vowed should never again have a place in any money by which I lived. I would deal in some commodity or some service which was a necessity of life to the great impersonal public."

This is the story of why Alice Foote MacDougall, left with three children to support and without an iota of business experience at forty years of age, turned to coffee as her business in life. Coffee was a necessity, a clear cut sales product, of general consumption, and with the keenness of perception supposed to come through years of pointed observation, Mrs. MacDougall discovered there was an absolutely open, untouched field in its distribution.

In 1907 every grain of coffee in the American market passed through twenty-five hands before it reached the consumer. There was not so much talk then as in these days about the waste in middlemen, but this woman, unaccustomed to business processes and viewing them with the wide open eyes of the amateur, saw an opportunity to cut through that clumsy method.

"Here was an enormous crop of something which contributed to the joy of each day," she explains. "What a splendid article to deal in! And anyone who had the sense to buy green coffee and put it into the home had a great chance. So it seemed to me, and it took much less than sixteen years to prove myself right."

Mrs. MacDougall established her little business of buying and selling coffee in a slit of a room near the New York City river front, where not a ray of sunlight penetrated and where it would take a brave customer to climb the stairs, if she had expected that of them. But she didn't.

She went out herself and solicited orders. She bought the coffee after the order was obtained, because thirty-eight dollars capital, even seventeen years ago, would not permit the storage of much of a coffee stock. And thirty-eight dollars was the entire amount possessed by this founder of one of the leading coffee houses in the United States.

Always Mrs. MacDougall bought the green coffee and roasted it. Not only did she take orders and select the coffee herself but she did all the packing and shipping by herself in that narrow, dark room, where the little sign of "A. F. MacDougall, Coffee," was viewed without concern by competitors along the coffee front, even if they did notice it. She worked

ALICE FOOTE MacDOUGALL
© Underwood & Underwood

in that room and on sales calls from half past eight in the morning until seven every evening and then started out with her deliveries.

"I used to wonder if comfortable, prosperous hotel men had any realization of what the difference meant between 'Here is your check' and 'Bill us the first of the month,'" she says. "By nine or ten I was home—too often with only the calendar to contemplate—and after my children had been given enough of a visit to make them know they still had a mother who cared about them, even if she wasn't there to see them until so many hours later, I put them to bed and went at the household business of mending their clothes and making new ones.

"At two in the morning I went to bed for five hours of sleep, of a reveling kind in that it marked the close of another day with independence installed a bit firmer in our lives.

"I was driven by terror all the time during that first year," she says. "Not by terror of poverty or starvation, but of dependence—charity."

All that, however, was sixteen years ago, and the days are pretty well forgotten down in the establishment where Alice Foote MacDougall & Sons, Inc., sell forty-five thousand dollars' worth of coffee a month and don't worry if the deliveries are not paid for instantum.

It was "A. F. MacDougall" for the first year of buying, packing, and delivering the coffee.

"The fetters of ladydom held hard upon me and I shrank from publicity," she recalls. "I wanted the most noncommittal name available for my business."

But one of the first lessons Mrs. MacDougall learned in business is the value of standing out among one's colleagues and competitors. The woman's movement was stirring the country just then and her growing estimate of values led Mrs. MacDougall to take advantage of all the advertising she could get. "Alice Foote MacDougall" in fine gilding replaced the indistinctive black painted initials.

"The effect was electrical," she declares. "Stewards and hotel men rushed to buy my coffee, first, I suppose, because my name was not lost among all of the Johns and Henrys in the business, and, second, I like to believe, because of the innate chivalry which dominates men far more than is generally accredited or they will admit. A woman was carrying on a job; and every man of them was willing to help her make it go. However, you can't expect chivalry to govern purchases unless it gets as good a value as could be obtained elsewhere."

All this time Mrs. MacDougall went on, as she has continued ever since, doing her own tasting and selecting and supervising the roasting of her product.

"The greatest handicap was the peculiar situation every woman entering business must face," Mrs. MacDougall says. "Taking on a job cannot mean letting go of a home, and the woman in business is and must be a dual creature, crowding into half of her life all that which takes four-fifths of a man's. My soul was always in my home and my body in my business. My mind had to be in both places. That means a call on every atom of a woman's physical and nervous strength, and, however much we may protest, a woman's strength is limited. That is one reason why she ought not to go into business at all unless she has to."

Granting that a woman has normal strength and is not afraid of the battle, she need have no fears about embarking on any business if she feels that she must, is the view entertained by Mrs. MacDougall, who had the need, tackled the job, and gave willingly of herself to see it through.

"It doesn't make any difference whether she knows anything about business or not," she encourages all women. "It doesn't make any difference whether she has an education or not.

"It is intelligence, not education, that counts. I have heard middle-aged men, whose business had been cut down by change in public taste or new inventions or what not, lament that, 'It is the only business I know. I can't start anew in a totally strange field.' Nonsense! No field is strange to any human being if it is concerned with other human beings. Making spark plugs or selling cough drops—it's all the same. Only I would say to every woman—choose a necessity for your commodity and then you can go ahead without fear or favor."

THE END

The Biggest Hour of a Man's Life Strikes for Buck Haskins---and He Refuses to Marry the Woman He Loves!

KING *of the* CAMPUS

SECOND INSTALLMENT OF A BRILLIANT NEW SERIAL

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Pictures by B. H. CLARK

Tormey had spent solid hours molding the thing into shape.

THE STORY SO FAR:

BUCK HASKINS is a real college hero, versatile, a Phi Beta Kappa man, gifted musician, popular, charming, a big figure in university life, and great things are expected of him. At commencement he meets

VERA THORPE of Chicago, his chum Bob's little sister. She, as well as others, is impressed by his personality and the predictions made for him, and asks that when he is out doing "wonderful things" he think a little of her. It is five years after his graduation when Buck sees Vera again. He has done none of the "wonderful things." Instead, after trying his hand at almost every variety of occupation, he has become an actor in a company, and Vera sees him playing in Indianapolis. He cuts short his theatrical tour to visit her. He falls in love with her and she with him. To explain his job as an actor he tells her that he is going to write a play and is seeking practical experience. She believes this, and together they plan their future after he writes the "great American drama." Buck, however, meets a friend,

POPLAY, who tells him the "big money" is in musical comedy, and with that tip, and banking on his gift for music, he forgets all about the great American drama and decides to go to New York to write a musical comedy. He plans to ask

DICK TORMEY, a New York friend, to write the lyrics.

CHAPTER III.

Said Lord Elgin: "*When a man decides to take a woman seriously into his life, let him furl sails, batten down the hatches, and pipe all hands to prayers, because there are breakers ahead. Of course, if she should happen to be the right woman—but shucks! There ain't no such animal.*"

TORMEY lived on the fifth floor. He was a writer man whom I'd met on my first coming to New York, five years before, when we had endured the same boarding house. His specialty was stories in which brave young American engineers married Aztec princesses in lost Yucatan. About 1899 we'd planned to go to Alaska together, he to Kipling-ize it, I to hunt gold. But the plan had fallen through because Tormey, then doing newspaper work in Boston, had met "the most beautiful woman in the world" and, inconsiderately enough, had married her. I hadn't seen him since, but he'd written that he was free-lancing in New York.

"Apartment 56." In the fading twilight I squinted at the card tacked to the doorpost and rang the bell. Silence. Half a dozen ticks of a tpyewriter. Then a shuffle of slippered feet.

"Buck—for the love of s h o o t i n g !" Tormey dragged me inside. "Gosh, I'm glad to see you! Buck, I'm the happiest man on earth, and married to the best woman on earth. Just four rooms here, but it's enough. Say, you've got to stay for dinner. Bea'd never forgive me if I let you get away."

Resisting a strong desire to tell Tormey about my own happiness, I constrained myself to talk cold turkey.

"There's the idea," I finished. "I've got a good plot, about twenty-five different lyric ideas, and some melodies which—pardon my modesty—are world-beaters. But I need you."

"Sounds good," he said slowly. "Ought to go. But it's a gamble."

"Everything's a gamble."

"Not with me! I can't afford to gamble—I'm married. I write only what I can sell, and I average—now, don't laugh—I average thirty-seven dollars a week. Of course, I might tinker a little with the lyrics, but they'd have to take their turn."

"You give me your full time," I proposed, "and I'll give you advance royalties amounting to thirty-seven dollars a week. Afterward we'll subtract it from your share."

There was something pathetic in the way poor Tormey acquiesced. At the moment I didn't understand his readiness, but just then the door opened and the riddle solved itself.

The answer was Bea.

FOR perhaps three seconds she stood motionless in the hall, her hat shadow covering forehead, eyes, and nose, but the hall light revealing mouth and chin.

She was a well-shaped woman; tastefully if not expensively dressed; one arm engaged with a miscellany of packages which seemed to prove

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the delicatessen hypothesis of the evening meal. From the packages point of view, she might have stood for a statue to be labeled "The Ideal Housewife," but there was that about the set of her mouth which would have given any man pause.

The lower lip was heavy with the "pout that doesn't come off." That pout was in itself a complete exposition of Bea's ideas about the holy state of matrimony. Marriage was a snare. Through its specious allure, lovely Woman, innocent of dish water, was made the galley slave of incompetent, poverty-loving Man.

"Yes," said the pout, "Tormey averages thirty-seven dollars a week, but only if you let him pick the weeks."

I felt a cold chill go up my back. Perhaps it was the shade of the Admirable Crichton running a monitory finger along my spinal column.

Tormey broke the spell, jumping forward to relieve Bea of her packages.

"Talk about luck—here's old Buck Haskins. He's going to have dinner with us."

Bea advanced a step, while the pout shrank to microscopic proportions. As her full face came into the light, once again I chilled. Tormey had called her beautiful. Well, she *was* beautiful. She had Vera's own beauty. She was Vera over again, but in an extremely cheap edition.

She spoke: a nice voice, though a shade too hard.

"Dick's told me all about you. You're a famous actor now." She pressed my hand with excessive warmth. "We must seem pretty small potatoes to you. Fact is, we're nowhere and we don't know anybody. Gee! I sometimes wonder how we keep on living. Everything around here is dead!"

This last remark was pitched high enough so that Tormey, on his way to the kitchen, shouldn't lose any of the venom.

But during the dinner, especially after the great idea had been broached, Bea relented. Plainly the notion of a musical comedy roused certain long-subdued ambitions. Before the cold custard dessert Bea had not only guided the opera in hand to success but also had triumphantly produced the three that were next to follow it. Under her facile imagination the box offices were ripped open and showers of gold slipped into our deserving hands.

"And the first thing we'll do," Bea decided, "is to get out of this flat and go to Europe or somewhere. Mr. Haskins, you can't imagine how sick I am of this darned life. And the ideas I had of it before we were married! You know, you're different, Mr. Haskins—I'm going to call you Buck—you dont' mind, do you?—but I thought I wanted to know *all* Dick's friends. Well, I wish you could see some of the *coots* he's trained with!"

"I ran down and got the janitor and we found Mr. Tormey lying in a pool of his own blood."

WELL, the story of the writing of our musical comedy isn't worth a great deal of space.

I sublet a studio with a piano and engaged a Swiss orchestra leader to turn the melodies into black and white and improve my sketchy accompaniments. In the afternoon Tormey would come over and we would talk rhythms and lines and situations.

Sometimes Tormey would bring Bea, who would sit and embroider while we conferred and disputed. She seemed placid and happy, but there was, I learned, a string to Bea's content.

Said Tormey one day with a nervous laugh, "Bea's awfully enthusiastic, but it kind of scares me—that enthusiasm. She takes it for granted that we're on the high road to fortune and that the day after the business is finished we'll start eating off golden plates."

"Well, she's right," I said stoutly. And toward the end I think Tormey believed it, too.

At any rate he became gayly confident. In the course of his high spirits he composed a ditty which he called "The Lament of the Evoluting Caterpillar." I made some music for it and he used to cut loose—when Bea wasn't around.

The end of the first and only verse and the chorus went something like this:

So do not scold or fret,
I will get somewhere yet.
Treat me like a pet canary,
For my state is temporary.

CHORUS.

I twist—I squirm:
I'm grubby like a worm:
I know my green complexion does not suit—
(SPOKEN) *Don't shoot!*

But bye-and-bye
I'll be a butterfly,
So let your caterpillar evolute.
(SPOKEN) *Step on him, Susie* (SQUASH!)

Sometimes, however, when Tormey sang this his gayety rang very hollow indeed and I used to think uneasily that maybe he was paying too much for the comforts of four rooms and a bath.

But pessimism is no part of a Crichton's baggage. Encouraged by our progress and cheered by Vera's daily letters I threw myself more and more into the composing job. And what was bound to happen happened. I worked and concentrated until for me that harmless musical comedy and all musical comedies, and all comedies, farces, and dramas, became one vast abomination—a stench in the nostrils.

Tormey, I am sure, was sorry when ten weeks saw the end of our work. Like me, Tormey had spent solid hours molding the thing into shape; but, unlike me, Tormey was no Crichton. He had a vocation. He could have stayed on a writing job for six months, for a year, for a lifetime. But when the last bit of work fell from my fingers I was again oppressed with the old familiar disgust—a disgust which hinged on nausea. I had given too much of myself: I would never again do any formal composing or play tinkering.

Sic semper Crichtonibus.

Still the show could stand on its own legs. That, in spite of my disgust, I had to admit. It hung together. The lyrics rang merrily. The music wasn't bad. I grunted and groused a little: then, with the sublime and ridiculous faith of a Crichton, I started out to peddle our show.

TO begin with, I should have discounted Poplay's statement about the sale of musical comedies. Almost immediately I found out what either he didn't know, or at least didn't tell me, that his particular production was going on the boards because the star's gentleman friend was paying for it. As a corollary I discovered what, in a general way, I must have known before—nine times out of ten it is not the "producer" who foots the heaviest end of the bills, and sometimes the producer wins when everybody else concerned loses.

As a pariah of a dramatic author I peddled that show before all the ignorance, vulgarity, and cheap insult of producing New York. I even sunk my dignity so far as to consult with certain resplendent ladies said to have comic opera ambitions and the friends to gratify them.

In the end things came to this: I met an astounding creature in a bright maroon suit who turned out to be a synthetic triumph made

"Do you mean absolutely," she said at last, "that you're not going on writing plays—that you're not going on with the stage?"

up of equal parts of actor, composer, author, manager, and producer. With tremendous courtesy he made me precede him into a little café on Sixth Avenue and there we talked business.

"Now, Mr. Haskins, I heard some of them lyrics and I looked over your piece when you left it at Einstein's. And because I give everybody a square deal I'm gonna make you a little proposition. I'll give you five hundred dollars for all rights—unnerstand—*all* rights. Of course, it ain't no good to me the way it is. Can't use more'n a six' of it. But I hand everybody a square deal. That's me."

My Swiss had cost me pretty close to two hundred; my living expenses had further ravaged the bank account; and Tormey had been paid something better than four hundred dollars of "advance royalties."

I got Tormey on the phone and he agreed with me that the sale to the maroon garbed individual was the only way out.

"But——" said Tormey, and stopped.

"But what?"

"You're lucky just the same."

"How do you make that out?"

"You haven't got to explain it to Bea."

"Maybe I have troubles of my own," I snapped.

I passed a sleepless night. The next noon, a little before one o'clock, I was called to the phone on the lower floor.

"Is this Mr. Haskins?" It was a woman's voice. "Mr. Haskins, this is Mrs. Deems. I live in apartment fifty-eight, next door to the Tormeys. I'm calling you up because Mr. Tormey mentioned your name and Mrs. Tormey isn't here. You see, this morning Mr. Tormey—in the lungs—with a revolver—he shot himself."

CHAPTER IV.

Said Lord Elgin: *"Has Crichton a brain? Obviously not. Yet at times the void within functions so logically as to deceive even the elect."*

A VOLUBLE slattern, hair still in curling pins, Mrs. Deems let me into Tormey's apartment.

"He's quiet now," she whispered, "but he's liable to go off his head any minute. The doctor's sending a nurse."

"Where's Mrs. Tormey?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"They had a terrible argument last night," she said with a pious groan. "It lasted so long I felt it my duty to rap on the wall. This morning they had another. Then Mrs. Tormey left the house. After that Mr. Tormey broke something. I thought it was an accident and I rapped at the door. But he said no—it was nothing. Then a little after eleven, I heard a terrible noise"—she put her hand on her heart in the fashion approved by high tragedy—"and I ran down and got the janitor and we found Mr. Tormey lying in a pool of his own blood."

I shook my head gravely and made a move toward the bedroom.

"I think," she whispered, "there's a woman at the bottom of it. Susie!"

"Susie?"

"He's calling for Susie all the time. He wants her to step on something."

Then a weak voice from the bedroom:

"Hello, Buck; come in—Susie did it—did what?—stepped on him—altogether now, boys—what did Susie do? *She stepped on him.*"

During the next hour I sat at the bedside, trying to quiet him. The doctor came—gave some sort of an injection; Tormey went to sleep.

When next he woke the sardonic mood was gone. He wanted Bea—wanted her right off, Bea—nothing but Bea. His head was hot and it could be cured only by her cool hand. Where was she? Why didn't she come?

Never before or since have I felt so sneakingly mean as I did listening to that fevered brain while it blabbed the poor loves of Bea and Tormey.

That evening the last editions carried a paragraph about the "accident."

To my surprise I saw that, though Tormey's name was correctly given, it was followed by

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various dates and data *belonging strictly to me!*

Mrs. Deems spoke up, admitting that she had given a reporter a slip of paper found beside Tormey's typewriter. That made it understandable, for, a few days before, when encouraged by Einstein, I had jotted down half a dozen details of my life for a press story which Tormey thought he could launch.

Though seeming of little consequence, Mrs. Deems' blunder lit more vividly than ever the obstacles lying ahead. Today Tormey—tomorrow Haskins! Suppose I should marry Vera as Tormey had married Bea. . . . O, there wouldn't be any running away: Vera had too much pride for that. She was a thoroughbred, while Bea was a scrub. But they were sisters—Vera and Bea. Each wanted out of life the glamour, the movement, the stir, the thrill—and for a woman these things are impossible without wealth. Vera would stick and break her heart over the dishpan. But does a man want the woman he loves to break her heart over a dishpan?

FOR two days I stayed in the flat, relieving the nurse, playing messenger boy, and brooding.

"I think he's safe," said the doctor on the third evening, "but with that bullet in his lungs he's going to wish a lot of times that he'd never pulled the trigger." He put his hand good naturedly on my shoulder. "And you—you look on the ragged edge of nothing. What you need is a good night's sleep, and you'd better go home and take it."

Wearily I agreed and was adjusting my overcoat when the buzzer at the front door announced a late comer.

I opened. It was Vera.

White faced and with big startled eyes, she stared at me as though questioning her senses.

"You!" she gasped.

I came near echoing the word.

"But the newspapers—you're not hurt?"

"Hurt?"

"I was so beside myself! There was Mr. Tormey's name—but all the rest was *yours*—Your class and all that; O, I'm so glad! At home they think I'm at a house party in Evanston. I didn't have money enough to come, so I pawned a bracelet. But I had to come, Buck, because—I thought you needed me."

We had started down the stairs. I realized that the time had come to do some rapid thinking and deciding. But first was the matter of the immediate present.

"I can't have you going alone to a hotel at this time of night. You must have some school friend or somebody in New York who can put you up until tomorrow, and then——"

"And then?" she demanded quietly.

"Why, then," I stammered. "Then——"

"Buck, dear, you know I really don't care about a big wedding and all that. And we might just be married quietly——"

It is strange that the biggest moment of a man's life should be a Joseph-like refusal to marry a beautiful woman whom he loves. If Vera had come to me at any other time—if she had come to me when I was rested, vigorous, on the trail of a new job—we should have been married inside of twelve hours and her future would have jolly well had to look out for itself.

"Wait a minute, Vera," I said, hailing a providential cab. "This thing needs some talking over. I'm sure we care enough for each other, but——"

"What's the 'but'?" She was beside me in the cab, nestling against my shoulder.

"The 'but' is money!"

"And your musical comedy?"

"That's past! Nothing more to hope from *that!*"

"O, but you can write another, Buck, dear. And money is such a small thing in life. We don't care about money—you and I. We just want nice, quiet, good times—with interesting people. Suppose——"

AS a rule when two young persons intend to marry each other their conversation is not wholly ecstatic. Now and then it deals with the price and location of flats; the choice of grocers; the iniquity of laundries; and so on. But Vera and I had discoursed only about ourselves and other Interesting People. Her cooking instincts had never been developed past fudge and Welsh rabbit stage, and money was something you extracted from a bank with a check. My fault. I knew better. I should have taught her—made her understand.

"Suppose——" I repeated.

"Suppose we were coming home from the theater. We'd have such a nice little supper waiting for us. We wouldn't go to any of the big restaurants; that would be too expensive. We'd just come right home with our friends—four friends, perhaps—and have it served in our own dining room."

"And who'd be fixing it up and cleaning it away?" I asked, grimly.

Vera was not fazed. "O, the cook or the maid. We can always give them an extra afternoon when we dine out."

"And how much money do you suppose we'll have to spend?"

"O, not much, of course. If your operas were a big success it would be different. But we could manage, I'm sure we could, on five thousand. There are some years when dad only makes twelve."

I braced myself. "Vera, this business—this musical comedy has been practically a failure. It's no longer mine, and the money paid for it was spent before the thing was even finished. It's the way it will always be with everything I do. If you and I marry it will mean a genteel poverty that you can't endure."

"O!" A bitter little cry. "But I can—I *can!* You don't know, Buck, dear. You don't understand."

But I did understand. For the first time in my existence I was achieving the acrobatic feat of looking myself squarely in the face.

"Vera, you don't know what that sort of life means. Not five thousand a year—not four thousand—not three thousand, nor even two thousand. It's a life——"

"But you're so wonderful, Buck." There was a sob in the voice. "You could always earn everything we'd need—everything."

For perhaps half a second I had a wild idea that maybe I was wonderful, that maybe I could do what she thought I could do. But I was tired, and the illusion wouldn't stick. I knew myself for what I was—and am.

"VERA," I said, "I love you, I'm afraid I always shall love you. But I can't do the big things you believe I can. I'm pretty close to being a failure. Will you marry me as I am? I can always earn a living, of course. I can always do something. But it will never be a big living."

She shook my arm like a little child calling attention to itself.

"But the theater—I just *know* you're going to succeed there. You've been planning it for so long—all these years. And you're so splendid when you act. I shouldn't be jealous."

"The theater is finished!"

"But you're going to write some more plays?"

"I don't think so."

She stared at me with big eyes.

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," I said slowly. "I'll get some kind of a job doing something."

She drew back from me. "Stop the cab. We can talk this out better on our feet."

We hadn't far to go, but it took us at least an hour to get there. We walked very slowly, stopping to argue, to explain, to expostulate.

"Do you mean absolutely," she said at last, "that you're not going on writing plays—that you're not going on with the stage?"

"I mean exactly that."

"Not even when *I* ask you—when I beg you?"

"It's no use, Vera."

"You don't want me," she said bitterly.

Finally at the door of her friend's home off Central Park West it ended. She turned on me suddenly:

"How cruel you are, how cruel! You take this way of letting me know that you don't care to marry me. You have humiliated me and I shall never forgive you—never. Don't write to me—I shan't open your letter. And never, never have the impertinence to try to see me again."

She turned in all her imperial majesty and, head high and tearless, walked up the steps of the old-fashioned dwelling.

I stood below, a little stunned. The door opened. Vera was flooded in a wave of yellow light. Then darkness again and I was alone.

TO gather up the loose threads. Tormey did not die; at least not then. An aunt with an annuity took him to Saranac, where he had a chance of pulling through. At Saranac they lived until 1910, when aunt and annuity died simultaneous deaths.

Unfortunately for himself, Tormey continued existing until twelve months later. In that exhilarating climate he had grown so highbrow that little by little he had foresworn all commerce with Aztec princesses in lost Yucatan. Instead he had composed a blank verse dramatic trilogy with which he counted on revolutionizing the stage.

I furthered the publishing with what cash I could afford, which wasn't much; but I never saw the trilogy. Tormey, I imagine, fell into the hands of some fly-by-night publishing house and, after being well gouged, died for it.

Three years after its transfer our musical comedy, much slashed and vulgarized, was produced at Atlantic City and subsequently in New York, where it ran a whole week. Later the road had it for an honest six months, and the "hit song" enjoyed something of a vogue.

But Bea—what happened to Bea?

In my slow but certain progress of the plank of this confounded pirate ship I often waste priceless minutes puzzling over inconsequentials. Yet in spite of deep thought I have never quite figured out Bea's ultimate bed. Of one thing, though, I'm sure. I'll bet the conventional sweet cookie that she never married another writer man!

To her own satisfaction, Bea exploded the theory of interesting people.

As for me, I boarded a trans-Atlantic boat, not sure whether or not I should let it carry me all the way to Liverpool.

Jack-of-all-trades and failure at all of them—what success will our "Admirable Crichton" have in Paris? Read of his exotic life there, of the extraordinary Lord Elgin, and of the unique duel, in next week's installment.

Winners in Composite Dog Contest

Liberty Publishes in This Issue the Final List of Winners of the

500 PEDIGREED DOGS

Given as prizes in its recent Composite Dog Contest. In previous issues a total of 376 names has already been printed and the following list completes the total of 500. More than 43,000 persons entered this unique and interesting competition.

The dogs were purchased from the best kennels in the United States and under the supervision of William Lewis Judy, Editor of Dog World and one of the country's leading fanciers. Prior to their shipment to prize winners, all dogs were examined by a competent veterinary and a certificate that the dog was in good health, together with a copy of its pedigree, was sent to the future owner.

Smallcombe, Harry Thomas
.....2929 St. Dominique St., Montreal, P. Q., Can.
Friedman, Esther
...Care Mrs. Schwartz, 238 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nichols, Ray C......R. F. D. No. 2, Alliance, Ohio
O'Neill, Helen E......427 Ferdinand Ave., Forest Park, Ill.
Levy, David..1475 Longfellow Ave., Bronx, New York City
Nathan, Jean Chase.....310 W. 80th St., New York City
Dunwoodie, I. P.
..Havre Rd. & Rubicon Drive, Oakwood, Dayton, Ohio
Rossell, Arthur J......187 McKinnie St., Youngstown, Ohio
Woodson, Cyrus,.....410 McIndoe St., Wausau, Wis.
Watson, D. D......Leslie St., Detroit, Mich.
Muir, Reed F.
1017 Keefer Bldg., St. Catherine Way, Montreal, Can.
Levine, Robt H......401 East 36th St., Paterson, N. J.
Orr, B. D......1408 14th St., Moline, Ill.
Ball, C. Burnett.....692 Baxter Ct., Canton, Ill.
Baumrucker, R......414 Keystone Ave., River Forest, Ill.
Shugart, L. J...Care Martin's Pharmacy, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Bucklin, Helen S......Reynolds Hill, Mystic, Conn.
Brown, Walter J......2011 Ohio St., Omaha, Neb.
Glayofsky, Carl A......Lansing, Mich.
Washburn, Miriam Elim.....921 Main St., Racine, Wis.
Ruthstrom, Ruth Ann.....L'Anse, Mich.
Dickey, Katherine F......506 Maple Ave., LaPorte, Ind.
Reid, J. S......1739 5th Ave., E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Strain, Stewart.....215 S. Chicago Ave., Kankakee, Ill.
Grimm, Geo......4533 West End Ave., Chicago, Ill.
McCullum, Albert J......3965 Greer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Page, H. W......178 Hyde Ave., Akron, Ohio.
Weber, C. S......119 S. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Munro, Wm. J......172 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Daeschner, Ward.....521 Mountain View, Boulder, Colo.
Welday, Audrey..874 East So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah
Glover, Mrs. Arthur A......55 Spring St., Portland, Maine
Krebs, W. E......4310 Holmes St., Kansas City, Mo.
Addison, R. A.
...Care F. N. Faulconer, Balboa Park, San Diego, Cal.
Vanroy, John H......417 Riverview Drive, Manitowoc, Wis.
McIntosh, Charles.....277 W. Exchange St., Akron, Ohio
Huntby, Otto E......27 E. 13th St., Holland, Mich.
Schneider, Emma M......234 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Voelker, Mrs. Harry J......436 Shelley Road, Racine, Wis.
Levy, Albert A......1123 Royal St., New Orleans, La.
Miller, Joseph J., Jr.....3146 W. Polk St., Chicago, Ill.
Howey, Janet.....136 N. Third St., Montebello, Cal.
Randall, H. H......786 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Selbie, Elaine.....515 Kittredge Bldg., Denver, Colo.
Ross, O. W...26 Bellevue Terrace, St. Catherines, Ont., Can.
Hull, Chas. E......St. Louis Park, R. R. 1, Minn.
Hammitt, Howard.....750 Main St., Hartford, Conn.
Dunlap, Lucy Neal.....1031 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va.
Jackson, Mrs. A. P......207 N. Auburndale, Memphis, Tenn.
Huck, L. P......117 E. 6th St., Connersville, Ind.
Allardyce, A. H......116 Norquay St., Winnipeg, Man., Can.
Serriov, Mara.....P. O. Box 678, Palo Alto, Cal.
Lindaman, Patrice
.....1524 La Salle Ave., 307, Minneapolis, Minn.
Hetrick, Al.....Bethany, Mo.
Holden, Katherine C....54 Vermilyea Ave., New York City
Cowdy, C. H......Winloch, Wash.
Domina, Robert A......Montgomery, Ver.
Mahan, H. F......946 15th St., Des Moines, Iowa
Rouse, Angie A......Benton Harbor, Mich
Simmons, Vesta R......543 119th St., Whiting, Ind.
Hanson, Edith M.
.....1833 S. St., N. W., Apt. 35, Washington, D. C.
Hackett, Warren.....932 High St., Williamsport, Pa.
Haglund, Mrs. Carl....3059 Windsor Pl., S. W., Canton, O.
Downs, Wilber B......1476 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frick, Edwin.....522 N. 14th St., Manhattan, Kas.
Drummond, H. A......Hollwood, Va.
Rosenkranz, E. J......Hutchinson, Minn.
Nourse, R. L., Jr......612 N. 16th St., Boise, Idaho
Cleary, Mrs. James R......331 E. 38th St., New York City.
Reed, Paul E......217 South Oak, Iola, Kas.
Owsley, Clinton.....2805 San Pedro Ave., Austin, Texas
Eichelberger, W. W., Fire Department Hdqs., Spokane, Wash.
Orr, Harry D......540 Burlington Ave., Logansport, Ind.
Ellerman, Art.....Yankton, S. D.
Peirce, Kathryn Blanche
.....676 E. 12th St., W., Portland, Ore.
Morris, Muriel..688 Jubilee Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Rogers, Helen Louise..3240 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Stone, Jessie.....7730 Haskins Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Albert, Paul.....209 Kenmore Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.
Minter, Mrs. M. M...1325 Mount Royal Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Guiney, A. H......703 S. 4th St., Memphis, Tenn.
Prescott, Fannie M.....850 Lafayette St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Winters, C. M......217 N. 14th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Talbot, Stanley R......23 Davies Ave., Beacon, N. Y.
Watts, D. H......Grande Prairie, Alta., Can.
Gail, Robert W......R. F. D. No. 3, Billings, Mont.
O'Connell, Mary I......28 Belmont St., Worcester, Mass.
Gibian, W......4141 N. Long Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Baumbaele, Wm. J......3148 Perry Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Lewis, Herbert H......Box 376, Petersburg, Va.
Masterson, Frank.....1122 Loyola Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Fawcett, Clarence C...4399 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
Ebinger, W. A......185 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill.
Pethick, L. H......678 Warsaw Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Can.
Vaughan, Edgar J....423 W. St. Joseph St., Lansing, Mich.
Johnson, M. R......1516 Ford Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Leighton, W. R......Jasper, Ind.
Kent, Dr. G. J......908 North 8th St., Sheboygan, Wis.
Narvis, C. S......316 Pine St., Muscatine, Iowa
Marnon, Lieut. Wm. H...No. 6 Police Station, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hayes, Eugene.....Hotel Lafayette, Salem, Mass.
Wayman, Marion W......59 Valley Rd., Bronxville, N. Y.
Fidler, Anne E......6021 Catharine St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Etz, Mary E......Hotel Clay-Ten, Oakland, Cal.
Werner, C. A......213 E. High St., Jefferson City, Mo.
Carr, Harve.....2422 51st St., Des Moines, Iowa
Norton, Mrs. Arthur.....369 Indian Grove, Toronto, Can.
Eaton, Bartlett.....713 N. 9th St., Independence, Kas.
Button, Helen L......787 Amsterdam Ave., New York City.
Spencer, Nancy.....902 S. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.
Cabell, Charlotte R......36 Cranston Ave., Newport, R. I.
Beaumont, Robert.....5614 11th St., N. E., Seattle, Wash.
Peters, Elizabeth.485 98th St., Woodhaven, Long Isl., N. Y.
Leslie, C. Eddie....1414 Clinton Ave., Fort Worth, Texas
Hazeltine, J. H......1701 Paloma St., Pasadena, Cal.
Dawson, Mrs. Paul L.....204 Grafton St., Fairmont, W. Va.
Hamilton, Jean M......1319 Addison Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
Fischer, Anna M......3525 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.
Hindle, Merrill J......125 La Salle Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Kruckel, Mrs. Emma.....Box 402, Salinas, Cal.
Breese, Jane M...223 Park Ave., Ben Avon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
O'Neill, Ronald S......529 S. Troy St., Royal Oak, Mich.
James, V. G......5413 S. Boulder, Tulsa, Okla.
Sundfar, D......5537 Warwick Ave., Chicago, Ill

Key to the Contest!

For the benefit of those who were unsuccessful in winning a prize, the following key is published.

Ten sets of dogs were printed, each set containing 3 pictures and each picture divided into 3 sections—or 90 sections in all. The numbers following the name of each dog in the key indicate the number of the section and the order in which it should have been pasted together.

Set 1 Greyhound, 1-5-9
Bull Dog, 4-8-3
Dalmatian or Coach Dog, 7-2-6.

Set 2 Boston Terrier, 10-14-18.
Airedale Terrier, 13-17-12.
Fox Terrier, 16-11-15.

Set 3 Police or Alsatian Wolf Dog, 19-23-27.
St. Bernard, 25-20-24.
Poodle, 22-26-21.

Set 4 Collie, 28-35-33.
Chow or Chow Chow, 34-32-30.
Pug, 31-29-36.

Set 5 Bull Terrier, 37-44-42.
Wire-Haired Fox Terrier, 43-41-39.
Dachshund, 40-38-45.

Set 6 Bloodhound, 46-50-54.
Pointer, 52-47-51.
Borzoi or Russian Wolfhound. 49-53-48.

Set 7 Irish Terrier, 55-62-60.
Newfoundland, 58-56-63.
Cocker Spaniel, 61-59-57.

Set 8 English Setter, 64-71-69.
Samoyed, 67-65-72.
Pekingese, 70-68-66.

Set 9 Retriever, 73-80-78.
Shetland Sheepdog, 79-77-75.
Deerhound, 76-74-81.

Set 10 West Highland White Terrier, 85-83-90.
Dandie Dinmont Terrier, 88-86-84.
Cairn Terrier, 82-89-87.

The dividing lines in the last set of 3 dogs purposely were omitted in order to add zest to the competition by rendering it a little more difficult. Answers were judged for both accuracy and neatness.

The "king-slave" partners in fantastic murder. Above, Loeb, the king; below, Leopold, the slave.

"*Not* Insanity *but* Mental Illness"

An Analysis of the Defense in the LOEB-LEOPOLD TRIAL

---the Most Unusual in the History of Our Criminal Law

By GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK and JOHN HERRICK

This is the second of a series of three articles, each of which is complete in itself.

In their first story Mr. and Mrs. Herrick defined the revolutionizing effect which the trial of young Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb seems destined to have upon the enforcement of our criminal law.

For many decades the law has not held an insane man responsible for his acts. It has defined insanity as a man's inability to distinguish right from wrong. Conversely, if a man is sane enough to know he is committing a wrongful act, he is sane enough to suffer punishment for it.

Counsel for the two young university honor students who kidnaped and murdered fourteen-year-old Robert Franks for the "thrill" they imagined the experience would afford them, attacked that definition.

It failed, they said, to keep pace with the advance of science. Psychiatrists have found maladies of the mind which do not involve a man's ability to distinguish right from wrong, and yet are capable of influencing him to disregard his moral perceptions and act in an unlawful manner.

In a technical sense, this attack upon the whole theory of the present enforcement of the criminal law met defeat in the decision of the court, but neither Leopold nor Loeb suffered the death penalty. And it is certain that other lawyers for other criminals will be quick to follow in the way Clarence Darrow and his associates pointed out—with results which may be of importance to every citizen. The following article describes how the defense was laid.

Should Capital Punishment Be Abolished?

IN THE penetrating series of articles by Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, of which this is the second, the writers lean to the conclusion that in the future capital punishment may and should be abolished.

DO YOU AGREE WITH THIS OPINION?

Can murder be controlled without the use of the death penalty? What is the lesson of the crime of Leopold and Loeb?

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No essays will be considered which do not reach this office before midnight of November 1st, two weeks after the last of the three articles by Mr. and Mrs. Herrick will have appeared in Liberty for the week ending October 18th.

Write on one side of the paper only, and be sure that your name and address are plainly written or printed at the upper right hand corner of the first sheet. No manuscripts in this contest can be returned.

Address All Essays:
Essays, Care Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

PART II

CONTRARY to much popular supposition, the defense in the trial of Leopold and Loeb contributed nothing new to the annals of psychology.

Much ado was made of the fantasies of the young defendants. But among all the 1,812,520,000 persons who inhabit the earth there is probably not one who has never had a day dream—which is what a fantasy amounts to.

We all remember how, when we were very small, we liked to lie in bed at night, and imagine we were pirates or princesses.

Some of us, with particularly active imaginations, will remember that we used to create fabulous characters, who kept us company day after day—until, in fact, they came to have the identity of real persons. Others will recollect conjuring a series of events through which they moved from day to day, as if they were living the chapters of a story book. Havelock Ellis, in his exhaustive studies in the psychology of sex, styles this phenomenon "the continued story." It satisfies the first creative instinct of the normal child's mind, and is discarded at about the time he begins to read. Precisely how large a part day dreams play in the life of the ordinary adult is a speculation. Persons as a rule are loath to admit the practice. But the researches of Freud and other psychologists indicate the average adult spends a considerable amount of time in day dreams—whether he admits it or not.

There is one important distinction, however, between the day dreams of childhood and later years. Such a pastime as playing "cowboys and Indians" affords an illustration of a day dream which is vivid enough to be acted upon. But adults are deterred from such pursuits by their more ample experience with the realities of life.

Clarence Darrow and his associate counsel in the defense of Leopold and Loeb seized upon the latter fact, and made it the forefront of their effort to save their young clients from the noose.

In age Leopold and his companion in crime were past the period when day dreams are normally impelling enough to shape human conduct. Yet, the defense contended, the murder of fourteen-year-old Robert Franks was nothing more nor less than a day dream carried into reality.

Is such a state of mind insanity? Not within the law's definition of insanity, State's Attorney Crowe asserted; and Mr. Darrow conceded that much.

But, the "old lion" of the criminal bar persisted, the existence of such vivid day dreams in Leopold and Loeb was evidence of an abnormal, diseased condition of the defendants'

HOW the Sons of Two Chicago Millionaires, Accused of Kidnaping and Murder, Escaped the Noose Through a Plea Which Threatens to Revolutionize the Enforcement of Our Criminal Law

minds, which the court should consider in inflicting, or refusing to inflict, the death penalty.

FOR two days the battle of the lawyers raged about this issue.

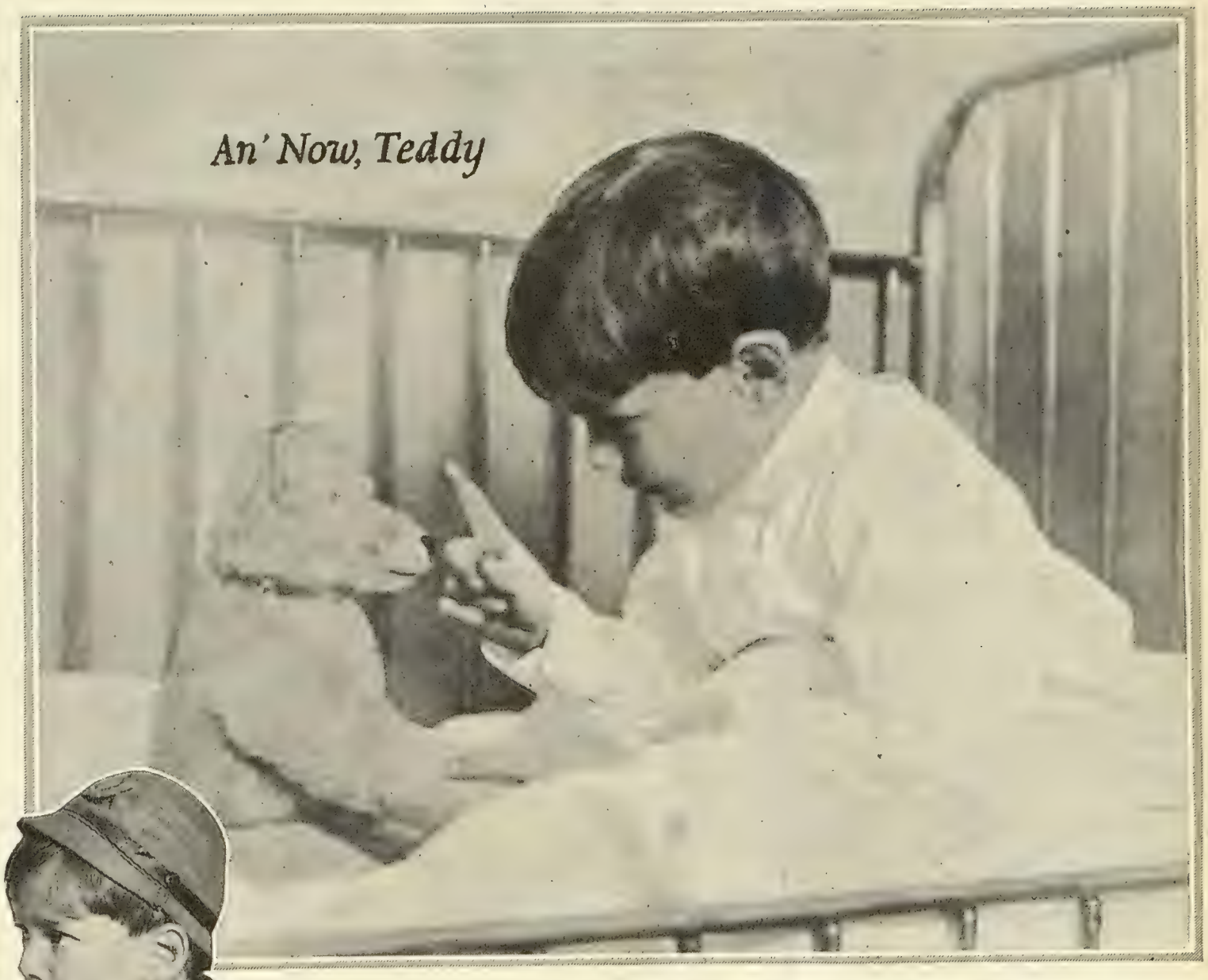
"If the defense is going to show that these two murderers are insane," the prosecution declared, "a jury should be summoned to pass upon the evidence—as the statutes provide. The court cannot decide whether they are insane or not!"

To which the defense countered:

"All we ask is a chance to show the mental condition of these two boys' minds. We do not say they are insane, but we believe they have a type of mind which will work toward mitigation of punishment. That's all we ask. Life, not death, for them."

The court pondered the question, and then decided for the defense. The whole lives of the two slayers, their thoughts, mental reactions, personal and family history, and a possible explanation for the crime they had committed would be allowed to go before the court.

Mr. Darrow got lazily to his feet and called, "Dr. William A. White, please take the stand." Dr. White is director of St. Elizabeth's Government Hospital at Washington, D. C. He began his testimony by describing how he had examined young Leopold and Loeb in the county jail over a period of many days.



The start of Loeb's criminal career—telling "dream crimes" to his teddy bear.

Another step in Loeb's "crime life"—playing policeman.

All photos by P. & A.

The third step, as the alienists traced Loeb's mental development, in his growth from nursery crimes to real ones—Loeb stalking his teddy bear with a toy pistol. These three pictures were found by the defense among the Loeb family's mementoes of Dickie's boyhood.

At a very early stage Loeb, he said, was given into the care of a governess. She was a staid, strict woman. She kept him away from all contact with the world, and forced him to study "deep" books instead of indulging in the light reading which would have been most pleasing to a boy of his age. So Dickie began to fret, and whenever he had a chance to break her sharp rule he did so.

Slowly the art of lying was developed in the lad. When he was unable to get what he wished, he later resorted to stealing, and to escape the monotony of reading the classics, often at night, when he was supposed to be asleep, he would creep out to a light and read thrilling detective stories.

This practice of deceit continued year after year, slowly becoming more pronounced. The boy craved excitement, and when the time came for him to go to Harvard school—the same institution that little Bobby Franks left a few minutes before he was lured into the rented automobile of the murderers and slain—young Loeb literally "ran wild."

Fresh fantasies developed in the boy's mind at this age. He slowly became obsessed with the dream that he was a great criminal leader, directing his less able confederates in burglaries and other major crimes.

At night, when in bed awaiting sleep, the boy pictured himself doing these deeds. He told no one of his thoughts; but to a teddy bear, which always accompanied him to bed, he confided his imagined crimes. "An' now, teddy . . ." was the way he would begin—or, at least, that is the way he told Dr. White he would begin—each confidence.

The detective stories became more lurid. In every case the criminal was foiled by a clever detective. And the boy began to wonder whether, somewhere in the world, there

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE 59]

were not a person who could commit crimes no detective could unravel. What if he should be that master criminal, the boy imagined. Well, he would see.

Young Loeb began to break windshields of motor cars, fleeing to safety while the perplexed owner was trying to find the miscreant. Often he would walk up to the indignant autoist and offer suggestions as to how the shield was broken.

The burning of buildings was the next step. Arson is a serious crime in Illinois. The police made greater efforts to arrest a "firebug" than to discover who threw a stone that had damaged an automobile. The thrill was better, the excitement greater.

A few minor robberies followed. A sum of money was stolen from a neighboring playmate; a silver loving cup was purloined from the country club of which the adult members of the Loeb family were members. The officers of the club offered a reward for the return of the trophy. Loeb gloated. He knew who had it, and no one else did!

In these ways, Dr. White pointed out, the fantasies of Loeb differed from the ordinary ones of childhood, and so made him the mental defective. If they remained just fantasies, it would have been, perhaps, of little consequence. But for them to enter into his life as a guiding influence—this was unnatural and unreal.

DR. WHITE then began to point out the past life of Leopold as an indication that he, too, was abnormal.

When Nathan was a small boy he, too, was placed in the hands of a governess. He, too, was taught to read from the classics, but, unlike Loeb, became intensely interested in literature. Being bashful and timid before girls, he was sent to a girls' school in the hope that it would overcome that trait. But it didn't. He became more shy, and his reading turned toward philosophy.

The philosophy which was to send him to the penitentiary was budding.

When Leopold entered the University of Chicago, his shyness persisted. He read Nietzsche and digested his weird and fantastic ideas.

Slowly and steadily he mounted in his intellectual stature above the "rabble" which hurried and scurried about him.

He created a little world of his own, and, as he sat in his lofty place and looked on at the human drama, he wondered that his fellow men could be so phlegmatic, so naïve, so morally quaint! No such standards for him. He had become a "superman" in his own imagination.

Shall We Change Our Laws?

"THE court is willing to recognize that the careful analysis made of the life history of the defendants is a valuable contribution to criminology.

"And yet the court feels strongly that similar analyses made of other persons accused of crime would probably reveal similar or different abnormalities. The value of such tests seems to lie in their applicability to crime and criminals in general.

"Since they concern the broad questions of human responsibility and legal punishment and are in no wise peculiar to these individual defendants, they may be deserving of legislative but not of judicial consideration."

—From Judge Caverly's Opinion.

HIS ornithological studies took him away from the crowd. He could wander about in the open fields by himself, pleasantly rid of contact with the common clay of the streets. The only person who mattered in his scheme of life was his mother. She was the one person near and dear to him—of any consequence whatsoever to this "superman."

As he lost touch with humanity, he also lost touch with the rules by which humanity lived. Laws became mere conventions to Leopold—if he didn't feel like obeying them, he didn't.

"Do as you wish, so long as it gives you pleasure," was his philosophy.

About this time he, too, developed fantasies, according to Dr. White. Not of the criminalistic type, such as those which obsessed Loeb. Rather he imagined himself as the "slave" of some big, handsome, powerful "king." He was the abject one, who carried out the orders of the ruler, and, if necessary, bore punishment in his stead. It was a day dream so weird and fantastic that even the alienists were at a loss to explain its early appearance in his life.

Then Leopold, the unmoral "superman" who wanted to follow a "king," met Loeb, the "master criminal," who yearned to commit the "perfect" crime which would shock the world, but in which he would never be detected.

Leopold saw in the younger boy an opportunity to test a new physical sensation, and Loeb saw in Leopold a wonderful accomplice. So they formed "the childish compact" which was detailed in whispers to the court, Loeb yielding to Leopold certain privileges and winning in return a confederate to help him rob fraternity houses, and later to kidnap and murder Bobby Franks. Loeb thought of crimes to commit, and Leopold, in his philosophical, analytical manner, scanned them for possibilities of detection. The combination was perfect.

Dr. White dwelt briefly on the "king and slave" complex. Leopold, for all his remarkable intellectual attainments, had an emotional age of four or five, or possibly seven years. This was owing to the constant submersion of all his emotional outlets in his climb to the superman's throne. Believing whatever he wished to do to be ethically right, it was only natural that he should show no emotion when it was done. Love, sympathy, contrition, and many other psychological reactions of normal persons were lacking in the boy, the doctor stated.

Loeb, too, had an emotional age of five or seven years. A master criminal must steel himself to do his deeds without show of remorse or repugnance.

He, too, was impelled to submerge his feelings so that he might rob, steal, or murder without chancing defeat through either fear or compunction.

THESE were the facts upon which Dr. White based his belief that the two defendants were abnormal. They were not insane, he said—just the victims of fantasies carried over into real life. The merging of these two weird personalities, each striving for the satisfaction of his own personal desires and each dependent upon the other, was bound to result in a crime of great gravity. What could be more spectacular than the kidnaping and murder of a wealthy little boy? No crime could compare with that; so Bobby Franks, the innocent neighbor of Loeb, gave up his life to help satisfy their lust for thrills.

The two slayers were visibly affected by Dr. White's testimony. Leopold squirmed more than once. He forgot, perhaps, and let his seven-year-old emotions grow somewhat older. Loeb continued to flirt with the girls in the courtroom. He smiled when the state's attorney shot an accusing finger at

him and painted him and his chum as "monsters, fiends, hardened criminals!"

Leopold slapped the boy next to him on the arm, and Dr. White used this to prove that the slayers had childish emotional reactions, and must be subnormal.

State's Attorney Crowe tried to induce Dr. White to say the defendants were insane. But no, they were "mentally diseased"—sufferers from abnormal tendencies. They were two of "the world's most cold-blooded murderers" in the language of the state's attorney; but to Dr. White they were merely a couple of boys wandering around in the dark.

Dr. William J. Healy, head of The Judge Baker Foundation for Psychiatric Research in Boston, Massachusetts, followed Dr. White to the stand. A leader in the behavioristic school of psychology, he stressed heavily the theory that behavior of today is built upon yesterday's experiences.

Dr. Healy's big point was the abnormal association of the two slayers since the age of fifteen, when they entered into the "childish compact." He, also, related in detail the past life of the two "twins in murder."

Out of the treasured photo album of Mrs. Loeb came the childhood photographs of Dickie to bear witness to his early fantasies —pictures of Dickie in a cowboy suit, clutching a pistol; of Dickie in the uniform of a policeman, stealing furtively around the corner of a building with a club upraised; of Dickie in bed talking to his teddy bear.

Then on to Leopold and his belief in the hedonistic philosophy of pleasure and pain, which Leopold interpreted to mean: "Anything is wrong for me to do which gives me pain; anything is right for me to do which gives me pleasure."

IT was at this point that Leopold's mental attainments were revealed to the court. Mental tests, in which he had received a perfect mark after completing them before the time limit had elapsed. were exhibited to the judge, and Dr. Healy also described Leopold's mastery of languages. He speaks, writes, and reads sixteen. In concluding his minute analysis Dr. Healy told the judge that he believed Leopold to be mentally diseased, and gave the following reasons:

"On account of the chronic delusions about himself as a superman;

"On account of his subordinated emotional life, so that he is pathologically out of tune with the intellectual life;

"On account of his deteriorated judgment, which prevents him from seeing the absurdity of mixing fantasy and real life;

Working up the "unique defense." Above: "Dickie" Loeb with Dr. Karl Bowman and Dr. H. S. Hulbert. Left: Allan and Jacob Loeb, brother and uncle of Richard, and Foreman and Nathan, Sr., brother and father of Leopold.

"On account of his disintegrated personality, which permits him to enter into the 'thoroughly childish and absurd compact' which endangers him."

Of Loeb the doctor made the following catalog, based on his own examinations as well as those of Dr. White:

"He has an abnormal inner mental life, brought about by the strange fantasies of the criminal world in which the fleeting portion of his split personality lived;

"Twisted placing of emotions, as shown by his total lack of sympathy toward all others;

"Pathological absence of feelings in regard

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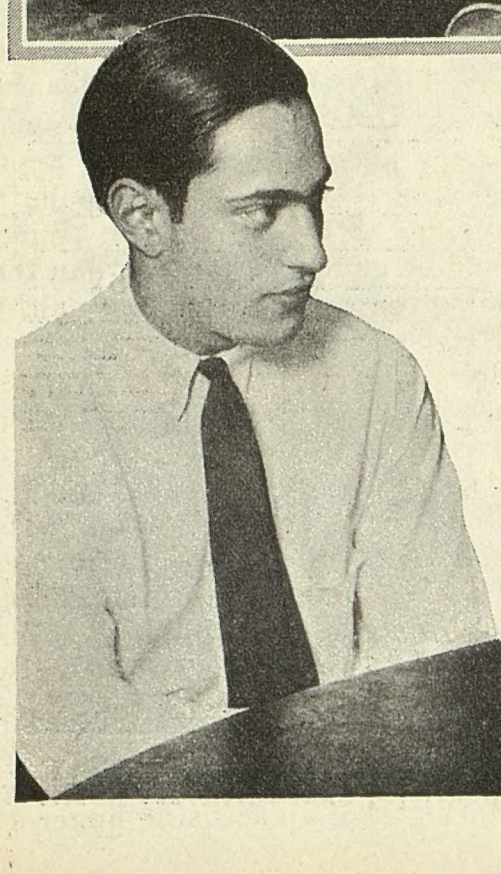

Nathan Leopold, Jr., under examination by Dr. Bernard Glueck.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

to his own conduct, as shown by the murderer's own statement that 'I never had remorse enough to make me not want to do it. There is nothing inside of me to make me stop';

"Pathological pleasure in the planning and commission of crime. Evidenced by his early reading of detective stories, playing at detective and criminal games, and the shadowing of persons on the street;

"Abnormal fantasies carried over into everyday life and continued from childhood until the present time;

"Pathological split personality, with the intellect running counter to the twisted emotional life. The boy is charming, very friendly, well-mannered, but because of his dual personality he is an intensive liar, he is unscrupulous, unfair, ungrateful, and disloyal in many social relationships."

Dr. Healy finished his direct examination there. He was sure the young slayers were abnormal, but not insane as the law interprets insanity. He dwelt on one word, "psychosis."

"Can't this stuff you have been saying about Leopold and Loeb be said of all ordinary criminals?" Mr. Crowe inquired. "Don't they all generally start with petty larceny and end up with murder?"

"I do not know all the criminals in the world," Dr. Healy responded. "I have not had occasion to examine them."

DR. BERNARD GLUECK, former psychiatrist at Sing Sing prison, was next on the stand. "He is the only one who really understands me," Leopold had said. "It hurts because he does."

Dr. Glueck went over the same ground as had his colleagues. He told of the fantasies of the two killers, of Loeb's criminal dream world, and of Leopold's philosophical air castles. He, too, asserted that his medical and psychiatrical training proved to him beyond all doubt that the two boys were abnormal and mentally irresponsible.

But he consoled the parents of other boys and girls when he said, "The Franks murder cannot be understood as the outgrowth of peculiarly maladjusted adolescents. It is a situation so unique that it can be justly looked upon as phenomenon of a century, perhaps never to repeat itself in exact replica."

Then psychiatry and fantasies and mental quirks gave way to physiology and X-ray pictures of pineal and pituitary glands. Dr. Harold S. Hulbert, Chicago neurologist, took the witness chair.

Dr. Hulbert pointed definitely to the various parts of the boys' bodies which, he said, showed them to be abnormal and mentally diseased. He pointed to the calcification of the pineal gland in Leopold as evidence that the boy was unbalanced, because the pineal gland does not normally become calcified until about the age of thirty. He, too, followed the lead of the others in stating that the boys were not insane, but just mentally diseased.

When Dr. Hulbert stepped from the witness stand, the picture of the inner, mental workings of the slayers had been completed. A few lay witnesses followed to prove by their stories of observations of the slayers before the killing that their behavior was similar to that described by the alienists.

Then came State's Attorney Crowe's rebuttal experts, Drs. Hugh T. Patrick, Archibald Church, Harold Singer, and William O. Krohn, who testified regarding their observations of the slayers both in court and during a three-hour examination on the day after they confessed their crime.

All agreed that the boys did not reveal to them any outward appearances of being mentally diseased. Nor did they say the boys were insane. Each ended with the assertion that, even though one defendant read detective stories, while the other was intellectually superior, even though Leopold has a special brand of philosophy and Loeb had committed a number of crimes, they still were perfectly normal and mentally balanced.

Dr. Rollin T. Woodyatt, noted Chicago authority on glandular disorders, told what he knew of the effect of maladjusted pineal glands. His testimony was directed principally to the proposition that science had not advanced far enough to say precisely what influence the ductless glands are capable of exercising on human conduct.

"Would you say, doctor, that because Leopold's pineal gland was calcified at the age of nineteen instead of thirty, he was led to commit murder?" the doctor was asked.

"I don't know."

"I don't know," "That is not fully developed in medical circles," and "I wouldn't say that was a fact, at all," composed most of his answers.

It was an adroit move on the part of the prosecutor to reveal exactly what knowledge exists concerning the functions of the glands—as distinguished from what guesses the medical profession is able to make on that subject.

WITH this final thrust the state closed its case. A few days later Judge Caverly announced his decision. Life imprisonment on the murder plea, and ninety-nine years for kidnaping.

The judge based his sentence on the extreme youth of the defendants. He did not think it proper, he said, to send two boys still in their teens to the gallows. But, to all intents and purposes, the psychological experiment of the defense had succeeded. The hangman had been evaded, and almost immediately, from another youth waiting execution in the county jail, came a plea for similar clemency.

He, too, had suffered from day dreams in his youth, he said. He, too, had imagined that he was a master criminal who could defy the police. What difference could there be? What difference, indeed!

It is too early as yet to predict the precise effect of the Leopold-Loeb trial. But that there is certain to be an effect cannot be questioned.

Perhaps the psychiatrists are justified in their contention that more delicate degrees of mental illness than the law defines are capable of influencing a criminal. Perhaps he should be treated as an invalid on that account. But where will such a policy lead us; and will the ends of justice really be served by its adoption? For justice must be evenly measured between both the law-abiding and the law-breaking members of the community.

This is all a matter on which society will be called to pass at no far distant date. The precise nature of the question—and the probable consequences which will attend the answer—will be examined in the next, and concluding, article of this discussion.

A tense moment of the legal battle—Counsel for the defense addresses the court. (1) Judge Caverly; (2) Attorney Walter Bachrach; (3) State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe; (4) Attorney Clarence Darrow; (5) Nathan Leopold, Jr., and (6) Richard Loeb.

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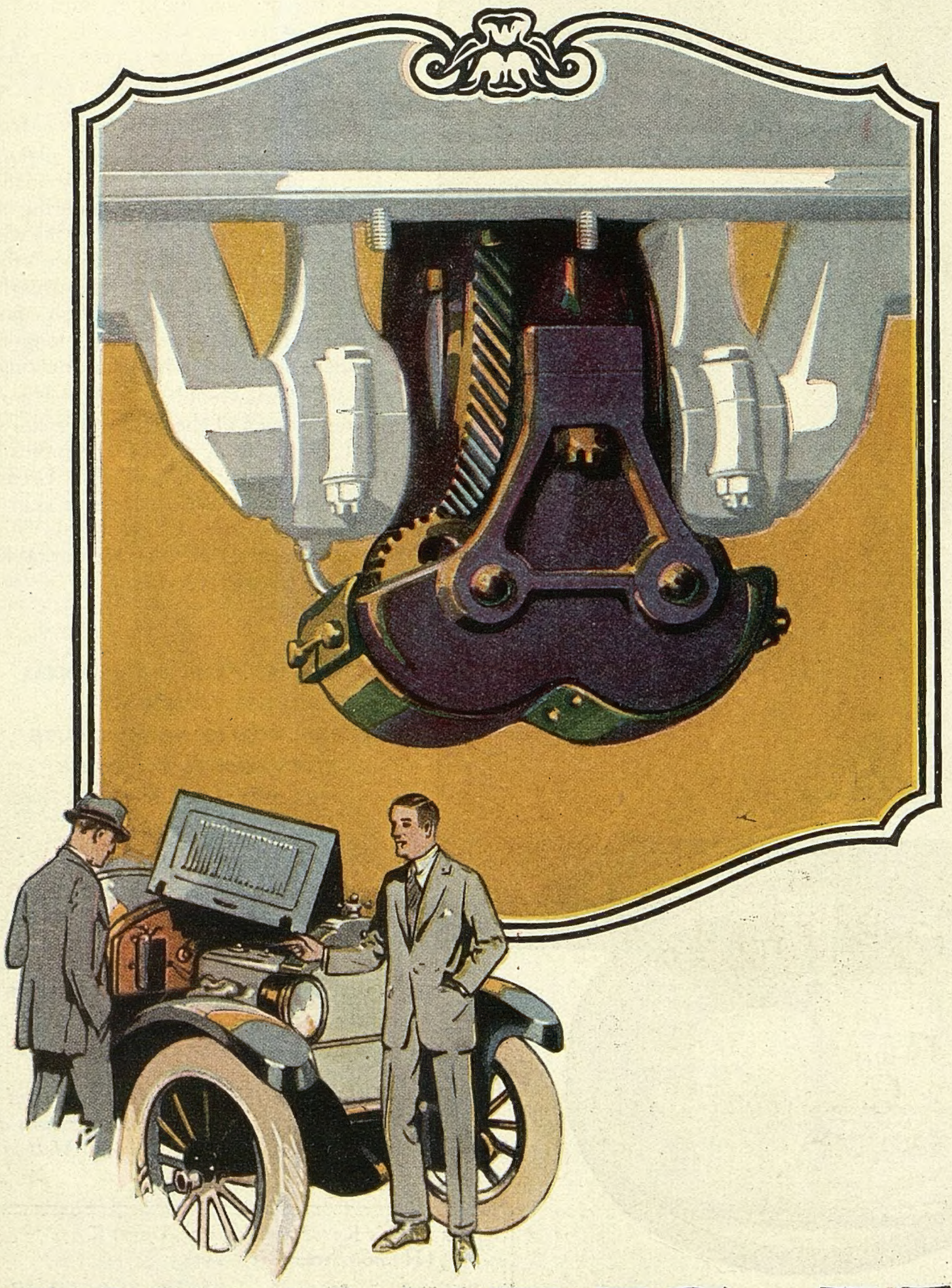

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GLORIA GOULD tells why the care of the skin is vital

"THE WOMEN *of the younger set today never permit the strain of many engagements or the attacks of wind and sun to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions.*

"Fatigue and exposure can leave no trace on the skin that is cared for by Pond's Two Creams. They are really remarkable."

Gloria Gould

ALTHOUGH Gloria Gould has recently become Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop, to thousands who know her only by her famous name, she will still always be — just Gloria Gould!

The youngest — and many think the loveliest — daughter of one of America's oldest families of great wealth, she commands a unique position in New York's exclusive younger social set.

It was in the cream-and-blue drawing room of her smart East Side apartment that she gave me her views on the care of the skin. The simple friendliness of her manner delighted me. But what impressed me more was her vividness, her enthusiasm.

"She's the most alive creature," I said to myself. "Even her ivory white skin seems to breathe life." And I plunged into the interview.

"Mrs. Bishop, what in your opinion is the most important factor in a woman's looks?"

"Three things, I think," prompted Gloria Gould, "are vital to the woman who wants to keep an important place in the social world. Fine eyes, white teeth and a lovely skin. The latter, luckily, any woman may possess, if only she'll take the right care."

Every Woman should Guard her Beauty

"With the society woman," she continued, "the care of her skin is vital — a duty. But *every* woman should make her appearance express the happiness that's within her. How can it, if her skin is not clear, not glowing with health and bloom?"

Then we spoke of her set — that gay younger set — which crowds its days and nights so full of good times. These young women have sought ways to keep themselves looking fresh and lovely — "they've simply got to, you know," said Gloria Gould. In their need they've turned to Pond's Two Creams which prevent all weariness from showing and keep the complexion satin-smooth and exquisitely protected.

On GLORIA GOULD'S *French dressing-table, proof of the care she gives her skin, stand Pond's Two Creams, used by the women of the younger set to keep their complexions exquisite despite the strain of social life.*

The first step in the Pond's Method is a thorough daily cleansing of the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it on with liberal strokes over the face and neck. With a soft cloth wipe it all off, and instead of being shocked, rejoice at the black look the cloth gives you! Repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice. How relaxed your peony-pink skin feels, now, how fresh and invigorated!

The second step in the Pond's Method is to smooth over your freshly cleansed face a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Do this before powdering and especially before going out into the wind, sun, dust or cold. This delicate cream protects the skin from the weather, gives it a soft, smooth finish, holds rouge and powder evenly and long and freshens and rests the skin amazingly.

Like Gloria Gould and the other smart young women of the exclusive social set, you can have a faultless complexion. Begin today with Pond's Two Creams. Their daily use will keep your skin exquisite, and with Gloria Gould you'll agree that they "are really remarkable!" The Pond's Extract Company.

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are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

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